

ornia
nal
y



LIBRARY
University of California
IRVINE



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

SACRED AND
PROFANE LOVE

WORKS BY THE SAME AUTHOR

NOVELS

A MAN FROM THE NORTH
ANNA OF THE FIVE TOWNS
LEONORA A GREAT MAN
SACRED AND PROFANE LOVE
WHOM GOD HATH JOINED
BURIED ALIVE
THE OLD WIVES' TALE
THE GLIMPSE THE ROLL CALL
HELEN WITH THE HIGH HAND
CLAYHANGER HILDA LESSWAYS
THE CARD THE REGENT
THE PRICE OF LOVE THESE TWAIN
THE LION'S SHARE THE PRETTY LADY

FANTASIES

THE GRAND BABYLON HOTEL
THE GATES OF WRATH
TERESA OF WATLING STREET
THE LOOT OF CITIES
HUGO THE GHOST
THE CITY OF PLEASURE

SHORT STORIES

TALES OF THE FIVE TOWNS
THE GRIM SMILE OF THE FIVE TOWNS
THE MATADOR OF THE FIVE TOWNS

BELLES-LETTRES

JOURNALISM FOR WOMEN
FAME AND FICTION
HOW TO BECOME AN AUTHOR
THE TRUTH ABOUT AN AUTHOR
MENTAL EFFICIENCY
HOW TO LIVE ON TWENTY-FOUR HOURS A DAY
THE HUMAN MACHINE
LITERARY TASTE
FRIENDSHIP AND HAPPINESS
THOSE UNITED STATES PARIS NIGHTS
MARRIED LIFE LIBERTY
OVER THERE: WAR SCENES
THE AUTHOR'S CRAFT BOOKS AND PERSONS
SELF AND SELF-MANAGEMENT

DRAMA

POLITE FARCES CUPID AND COMMONSENSE
WHAT THE PUBLIC WANTS
THE HONEYMOON THE TITLE
THE GREAT ADVENTURE
MILESTONES (In Collaboration with Edward Knoblock)
JUDITH

In Collaboration with Eden Phillpotts

THE SINEWS OF WAR: A ROMANCE
THE STATUE: A ROMANCE

SACRED AND PROFANE LOVE

A PLAY IN FOUR ACTS

FOUNDED UPON THE NOVEL OF THE SAME NAME

BY

ARNOLD BENNETT

LONDON

CHATTO & WINDUS

1919

PR
6003
E6
S3
1919

LIST OF CHARACTERS

CARLOTTA PEEL

EMILIO DIAZ

FRANK ISPENLOVE

MARY ISPENLOVE, his wife

EMMELINE PALMER, Carlotta's secretary

SNAPE, Diaz's secretary

MRS. JOICEY

LOUISA BENBOW, her sister

LORD FRANCIS ALCAR

MRS. SARDIS

JOCELYN SARDIS, her daughter

ROSALIE

LÉONIE

A PARLOURMAID

ACT I

1871
The first of the
year was a
very dry one
and the crops
were much
affected. The
winter was
very cold and
the snow lay
on the ground
for a long
time. The
spring was
very wet and
the crops were
much affected.
The summer
was very hot
and the crops
were much
affected. The
autumn was
very dry and
the crops were
much affected.

1872
The first of the
year was a
very dry one
and the crops
were much
affected. The
winter was
very cold and
the snow lay
on the ground
for a long
time. The
spring was
very wet and
the crops were
much affected.
The summer
was very hot
and the crops
were much
affected. The
autumn was
very dry and
the crops were
much affected.

ACT I

SCENE I

Mrs. Joicey's sitting-room on the first floor of her house in the Five Towns. Door L. (as one faces the footlights), and double doors back centre. The latter open into a bedroom. There is a great deal of furniture, all dating from the seventies : many and various chairs, sundry tables, a sofa, a canterbury, rugs, antimacassars, mats, wax flowers under glass domes, a gas chandelier, and a grand piano in walnut (with the keyboard towards the back wall). Over the mantelpiece an extensive enlarged photograph of a middle-aged man, in a rosewood frame. The window is not shown. Although most of the furniture is ugly, the general aspect of the crowded room is picturesque rather than ugly. It is bright-coloured, and has the distinction of a bygone style.

TIME : Eleven o'clock at night.

The chandelier is lighted.

Mrs. Joicey and Louisa are talking together. A faint knocking is heard from the front door on the ground floor.

MRS. JOICEY. Bless us! Here they come! Now don't spill the lemonade. And do run down and open the door.

LOUISA. Oh! (*Begins to remove her apron.*)

MRS. JOICEY. What are you taking that apron off for, Louisa?

LOUISA. All the work's done. Why should I pretend to be a servant when I'm your sister?

MRS. JOICEY. Louisa, have I got to begin that all over again? A nice thing! As like as not Mr. Diaz would tell all his London friends that I can't afford a servant! I should never get another travelling concert party. It's cruel how things like that'll spread. It's just as much for your sake as mine. Don't I keep you? If I didn't I should be a lot better off than I am. Isn't as if I asked you to wear a cap as well. I don't.

LOUISA. D'you know what he did as they went off to the concert?

MRS. JOICEY (*anxious about the door*). Who did? Mr. Diaz?

LOUISA. No, the secretary.

MRS. JOICEY. What did he do ?

LOUISA. In the passage he said—when he was telling me about the fowl for supper—‘There’s a good girl,’ he said, and he patted me on the cheek. I never told you, but he patted my cheek, and so now you know.

MRS. JOICEY. Mr. Snape did ?

LOUISA. Yes, Mr. Snape did.

MRS. JOICEY. And what did you do ?

LOUISA. Well, I acted the parlourmaid. I always did want to go on the stage.

MRS. JOICEY. But what did you do ?

LOUISA. Don’t I tell you I acted the regular parlourmaid ? And thankful you ought to be. I just smiled.

MRS. JOICEY. Well I never !

LOUISA (*in another tone*). Somehow I couldn’t help it. (*In her former tone.*) But when he’d gone I didn’t like the look of it so much. I said to myself, If he does it again, he’s going to do

it to Miss Benbow, not to any parlourmaid, and then we shall know where we are, I said.

MRS. JOICEY. Louisa— (*another knock*). Now put that apron on this minute and go and answer the door. (*With curt persuasiveness.*) Come!

LOUISA (*hesitating*). If I do, it's got to be understood that I'm going to answer the bell, if they ring up here, by myself, without you poking your nose in and asking, 'Is the "maid" looking after you properly, gentlemen?' like you did at teatime. And I'm going to turn the beds down, too.

MRS. JOICEY. Oh, well—if it's like that——

LOUISA. Well it is, sister.

MRS. JOICEY. Very good!

Exit Louisa, L., putting on the apron.

Mrs. Joicey examines the table, and then the room. Perceiving that the portrait over the mantelpiece is crooked, she sets a chair, steps on it, and straightens the portrait.

Enter Mr. Snape.

MRS. JOICEY. Good evening, Mr. Snape. I hope the weather didn't interfere with the concert.

SNAPE. We played to capacity, Mrs. Joicey.

MRS. JOICEY. 'Capacity'? What's that?

SNAPE. Never heard of it in this district before, I suppose. Capacity, madam, is—er—sardines.

MRS. JOICEY. Oh! I see!

SNAPE. I doubt if we ever played better, except perhaps once in St. Petersburg. Four encores given. Three refused. Personally I should have given three and refused four. But then Five Towns audiences are very warm, very warm.

MRS. JOICEY. Oh, we are! But we're very critical too. So they say.

SNAPE. Do they? Supper all ready? Where's the cold fowl? (*Looks at table.*)

MRS. JOICEY. The maid will bring it. Did Mr. Diaz come in with you?

SNAPE (*with low, precise, slow enunciation*).
Dce-az.

MRS. JOICEY. We call it Dyaz down here.

SNAPE. You would. You shouldn't. Now I want some cakes.

MRS. JOICEY. I can't get cakes now. All the shops are shut.

SNAPE. I must have cakes — (*lusciously*) sweet spongy ones, with jam in them.

MRS. JOICEY. But you distinctly told me that you and Mr. Diaz never took anything but cold fowl and some milk and a siphon of soda-water. (*Enter Louisa.*) Here *is* the fowl.

SNAPE (*to Louisa*). What's your name? I don't think I caught it.

LOUISA (*acting the parlourmaid*). Louisa—sir.

SNAPE. Well, Louisa, I want some cakes for supper. Your mistress says she can't get any at this time of night. Can't you?

LOUISA (*reflecting, as she deposits the fowl*).

There's the cold jam roly-poly. I might cut it into thin slices and sift some sugar on them.

SNAPE. Louisa, please go and sift some sugar on them. *(Exit Louisa.)*

MRS. JOICEY. I'd thought of the jam roly-poly myself, but I doubt you'll hardly care for it.

SNAPE. Never mind.

MRS. JOICEY. But I *do* mind.

SNAPE. I shouldn't. I shan't be here for supper myself.

MRS. JOICEY. Then you'll only want supper for one.

SNAPE. Mr. Diaz has a friend coming.

MRS. JOICEY (*assuming that what she says is so*). Another gentleman.

SNAPE. Well—perhaps not exactly. A lady. They will be here in a moment.

MRS. JOICEY. Oh dear! Mr. Snape! I know the musical profession isn't what it was in my

young married days. I never expected in those days to let rooms; but I've kept this house respectable and I mean to. You see that portrait there. That's the portrait of my husband. He invented the hire-purchase system for pianos and American organs. At least in this district. He was the best man that ever lived. I'm very sorry, but I can't have any carryings-on in this room for that portrait to see.

SNAPE (*after a pause*). Take the portrait down.

MRS. JOICEY. I shall take down no portrait—and I don't care *who* Mr. Diaz is, if you understand what I mean.

SNAPE. Quite—quite. But the lady is a pupil.

MRS. JOICEY (*brightening*). Oh! If it's a pupil—! I was quite used to pupils in my married days. My husband was always considered the best teacher of the pianoforte, American organ, and clarionet in this district. The *Staffordshire Advertiser* called him *facile princeps*. He once played a duet with Rubinstein on that very piano. That was the day Rubinstein gave a concert at Hanbridge. Very

hearty, Rubinstein was. Came upstairs and all. When they'd done playing he kissed my husband. Mr. Joicey didn't quite like that, but being in the profession, you see, he couldn't very well say anything. Rubinstein didn't stay here, but of course I wasn't letting rooms in those days. Never dreamt of such a thing. Only now it's thanks to my musical connections, and that grand piano, that musicians on tour generally prefer this house——

Enter Louisa rather quickly.

LOUISA. I heard the front gate creak as I came upstairs.

SNAPE (*who has been calmly gazing at Mrs. Joicey, now gazing at the sliced dumpling*). So that is the sliced roly-poly! (*Takes the plate from Louisa.*)

MRS. JOICEY (*to Louisa*). Better get on with your duties, Louisa.

LOUISA. Will it do, sir?

SNAPE. It will.

Exit Louisa by double doors at back, which reveal bedroom.

MRS. JOICEY (*half reflectively*). And what does he teach at this time o' night, I wonder ?

SNAPE (*putting down plate*). Mrs. Joicey, what a question ! Mr. Diaz is usually considered to be the greatest pianist after Rubinstein. Certainly the greatest interpreter of Chopin since Chopin died.

MRS. JOICEY (*smoothly*). Oh, I know ! I know some of them have pupils that follow 'em about from place to place. (*Knock heard below.*) I'd better answer the door.

LOUISA (*who has reappeared at double doors*). I'll run down.

SNAPE (*with a preventing gesture*). I will go. (*Indicating the double doors, to both women, conspiratorially.*) This way, please—and out by the passage—at once. (*Exit L.*)

LOUISA. What's afoot ?

MRS. JOICEY. Nothing, miss.

LOUISA. Then my name's not Louisa.

MRS. JOICEY. There's a lady coming, seemingly. It's a pupil.

LOUISA (*glancing at the dumpling plate*). Sweet-tooth !

SNAPE (*heard off*). Everything is in order, sir.

LOUISA (*in a whisper*). He told us to go at once.

MRS. JOICEY (*somewhat rebellious*). And what if he did ?

Exeunt Mrs. Joicey and Louisa, back. The double doors are closed reluctantly. Snape ushers Diaz and Carlotta into the room, L., and exit.

DIAZ. Now which chair will you have ? (*Waving a hand comically to indicate the various chairs.*) You see them ! They are all equally—hostile to the human form.

CARLOTTA (*still near the door, smiling timidly*). Is he gone—Mr.—you introduced us, but I forget his name—your secretary ?

DIAZ. Snape ? He probably considers that his day's work is over. He's just—gone, that's all. I never inquire, you know.

CARLOTTA. I think I'd better go too.

DIAZ. But—I thought you—we—I thought it was understood that you waited here till it was time to go across to the station for the mail-train.

CARLOTTA. Everything's different now I'm actually here. It was all right when we were driving down from Hanbridge with Mr. Snape in the car. I suppose it was the rain made it seem so matter-of-fact. I was frightened when we found the train had gone, but when I thought of the mail-train and you went with me to the station-master to see if I could travel by it, I felt all right again. It seemed the most natural thing in the world that I should come and wait here for an hour with you and Mr. Snape, instead of waiting all alone at the station. You were so natural.

DIAZ. And am I not natural now ?

CARLOTTA. Oh yes ! But—of course I quite understand about Mr. Snape—but—somehow—Besides, you must be too frightfully tired to play any more to-night.

DIAZ (*gently*). Now, is that quite—quite sincere—that last ?

CARLOTTA. No, it isn't. I don't really believe you're ever tired. But—it's like this. You may

feel natural. But I don't feel natural—not any more. I think I'd better go, truly. I don't want you to come with me. I can run back to the station in a jiffy—it has nearly stopped raining.

DIAZ. I'm very sorry, very sorry. Before you go, won't you tell me your name?

CARLOTTA (*after a pause, low*). Magdalen.

DIAZ (*incredulous, quickly*). It isn't.

CARLOTTA (*on her dignity*). Excuse me——

DIAZ. I beg your pardon. Do forgive me, please. There's only one thing I'd like to say. I hope you don't think for one moment that I've been trying to—inveigle you here.

CARLOTTA (*smiles calmly*). Mr. Diaz, I knew exactly what I was doing—and when I did it.

DIAZ. 'When you did it'?

CARLOTTA. You see, I sat such a long time in the hall, while the people were going out. I don't know how it was—the music I suppose—your music—I couldn't move.

DIAZ. I was watching you.

CARLOTTA. Watching me ?

DIAZ. Yes, from behind. I was just on the point of coming round, or sending Mr. Snape, when you got up and left. You were the last to go. I followed you.

CARLOTTA. But why ?

DIAZ. I thought I might just possibly have a chance of thanking you—for the way you'd listened to me.

CARLOTTA (*dreamily*). How strange! (*Suddenly.*) Why did you have the piano moved half-way across the platform at the interval ?

DIAZ. So that I could see you better while I was playing.

CARLOTTA. It's unbelievable.

DIAZ. On the contrary ! If you knew what a really sympathetic listener means to an artist ! Just *one*—in a whole audience ! The artist plays to that one. . . . So when I caught sight of you almost alone in the portico, I collected all

my courage and came straight up to you and *did* thank you. That was how it all came about.

CARLOTTA. No, Mr. Diaz, it didn't begin to come about until I said to you, 'If you want to thank me you can thank me by getting me a cab.' As soon as I'd said that I knew exactly what I'd done. I can't imagine whatever made me say such a thing. I know I do talk like that sometimes, but to you!

DIAZ. Not a bit. It was the most natural answer in the world. In fact I deserved it. And as I had a car waiting for me and we were going in the same direction— I shan't say I'm sorry we missed the train, because I'm not.

CARLOTTA. Well, thank you very much for being so kind (*holding out her hand, which he takes*).

DIAZ. I should like to have played to you— here, just you and I together.

CARLOTTA (*withdrawing from him and throwing back her wrap*). I'm insulting you!

DIAZ (*puzzled*). And how?

CARLOTTA. By saying that I won't stay till

it's time to go to the station. Yes, I'm insulting you! Nobody could play like you play if he wasn't as straight as a die.

*In silence he takes her wrap, and she sits down
with an abrupt girlish gesture.*

DIAZ (*quietly*). That's not quite true to life, you know.

CARLOTTA. What isn't?

DIAZ. That serious artists are—well—always straight.

CARLOTTA. Isn't it?

DIAZ. No. You're very young and inexperienced.

CARLOTTA. Indeed I'm not inexperienced. I've had my eyes wide open for ages.

DIAZ (*sitting down ; in an easy, brotherly tone*). Well, tell me something about those ages.

CARLOTTA. No, no! You must talk.

DIAZ. I thought I was to play.

CARLOTTA. Now—— (*Stops.*)

DIAZ. Yes ?

CARLOTTA (*leaning forward*). Do you *understand* people ?

DIAZ. I think so.

CARLOTTA. You know what I mean—*understand* ?

DIAZ. Yes.

CARLOTTA. Well then, I needn't tell you I'm fearfully nervous. You wouldn't expect anything else, would you, me being here like this, so suddenly, and talking face to face with *you* ? Perhaps I don't look it, but I hardly know what I'm saying. So you will *understand*, won't you ? (*Diaz nods.*) (*Insisting.*) Whatever I say ?

DIAZ. Why do you insist ? We're friends.

CARLOTTA (*smiling*). I only insist because women are so much cruder than men, and I might say something——

DIAZ (*interrupting*). Are they so much cruder than men ? Who told you that ?

CARLOTTA. Oh, I've noticed it. I mean in what they say. They aren't always honest, and yet they are honest—terribly. Men hate to admit things, but women like to. I know I do, even if it hurts me. And my aunt often tells me I'm crude.

DIAZ. But your aunt is a woman too.

CARLOTTA. No, she's an old spinster. There I go, you see !

DIAZ. Well now, after this exciting introduction, what is it you're afraid I mightn't understand ?

CARLOTTA. Oh, but you will ! It's only this. This evening's a miracle for me. I do so want to live it. I always feel people don't give themselves up to the present enough. I know I'm always thinking about the next thing. Now, for instance, to-night—the train. There's over an hour to the train. I want to forget it till it's time for me to leave. I want to drench myself in my miracle. Let me. When I ask you to talk, don't remind me that I asked you to play. You can do both. But talk first. You don't know what it means to me. You say you understand. Do understand. You can't, but

you must. I want to know you. I want to see inside you. I always have wanted.

DIAZ. But I thought you said on the way here you'd never heard me before.

CARLOTTA. I hadn't. But— (*Stops. Then more quietly.*) Tell me what your *life* is.

DIAZ. My life! My life is on the road—with Snape and a piano—sometimes a couple of pianos. I have three subjects of study, and I don't think I'm conceited in saying I know as much about those three vast and inexhaustible subjects as anybody on this earth.

CARLOTTA. Yes. What are they?

DIAZ. Concert-halls, railway-trains, and hotels.

CARLOTTA. Oh!

DIAZ. Yes. I am always, always in one or another of them. And that is my life.

CARLOTTA. But this isn't an hotel?

DIAZ. No. Now and then I get into such a

state that I feel as if one more hotel, only one more, would drive me mad. Snape heard of this house, and it makes quite a piquant change. It's like a picnic into another century. Moreover, that piano is almost good. But to-morrow night will see me in an hotel again. Yes, to-morrow morning I shall lie in the bed there as long as I can, because I hate getting up, and then Snape will make me get up, and my belongings will be put into my two trunks, and before I leave the bedroom I shall look round and I shall say : ' Sure you've put everything in, Snape ? ' and there will be nothing left in the bedroom that is mine, and I shall turn away, and do you know what I shall be thinking ? I shall be thinking : ' Well, I shall never sleep in *that* bed any more.' And when I get to the station people will nudge each other and point out to each other that the great and glorious being, Diaz, is on the platform. And that's my life.

CARLOTTA. But you do travel. Surely it must be wonderful to see fresh countries. I've never been out of England.

DIAS. I never see fresh countries. I've seen them all, and I've seen them all several times—North America, South America, France, Germany, Austria, Italy, Russia, Spain. Snape and

I are first-class authorities on the concert-halls, railway-trains, and hotels of all of them.

CARLOTTA (*taking it in, thoughtful*). Yes. . . . But what about foreign languages? You do hear and speak foreign languages. Don't you like doing that? I should. I should like it more than anything—well, almost anything. All foreign languages are so romantic. And when you speak them you feel proud, don't you? I can't even speak French; I can only read it. Now you speak English simply marvellously. That's just what surprised me. Nobody could tell you aren't English.

DIAZ. Well, I am—nearly. English is really my only language. My mother was English, and my father was half English and half Spanish. He taught dancing in Dublin. Of course I never let on that I'm three-quarters English. If I did nobody would believe that I can play the piano.

CARLOTTA. I can't bear to hear you talk like that. Now, tell me about your parents.

DIAZ. I'm an orphan. I mean—my father and mother are both dead. I hate the word orphan. There's something so sentimental about it.

CARLOTTA. *That's* how I like to hear you talk ! That's exactly how I feel, but it never occurred to me anybody else felt the same. My father and mother are both dead.

DIAZ. Are they ?

CARLOTTA. Yes—long ago. Before I can remember. . . . And when auntie happens to mention that I'm an orphan, I squirm. . . . (*Softly.*) I won't ask you about your parents. Tell me about your friends.

DIAZ. Friends. Well, yes, I suppose I have one or two somewhere about the world. But you see they're like me—always imprisoned in concert-halls, railway-trains, and hotels. We may meet now and then in a big city—never in a small one. We say, How d'ye do, how d'ye do, and pass on, because, you know, we haven't much spare time. We must practise. Play scales. Hours and hours. Every day. Wherever we are. We daren't leave off. And that *is* my life.

CARLOTTA. But you have a home. I remember quite well reading about your palace in Fontainebleau. In fact I cut it out of the paper.

DIAZ. Not a palace. There is only one palace at Fontainebleau, and that's the palace where Napoleon signed his abdication. Still, my place there is an agreeable and spacious abode, so far as I remember. I was in it seven months ago, for one night. I believe it is a paradise for the servants.

CARLOTTA. And servants are so wasteful !

DIAZ. They are. But mine have every excuse. They can always read about my income in the papers, and they consider that some sustained effort ought to be made to spend it.

CARLOTTA. I should have thought you would have spent the summer in a place like Fontainebleau. I looked it up in the encyclopædia. It must be lovely. You don't give concerts all summer, do you ?

DIAZ. Oh no. I usually begin my summer in Fontainebleau, but after about a week or so I can't stand it any longer, and I go round the watering-places—Deauville, Ostend, anywhere—and do a little gambling. I enjoy gambling. It's my one recreation. . . . Why ! Are those tears in your eyes ?

CARLOTTA (*successfully cheerful*). Yes — but

they won't drop. (*Grave again.*) It's very sad—I can't help saying it.

DIAZ. But I assure you I don't lose more in a whole summer than I can earn in a couple of days.

CARLOTTA. Oh! I didn't mean the gambling. I think I should adore gambling. I meant——

DIAZ. Yes. I see what you meant, but you asked me to tell you. Well, I've tried to alter it—and failed. Before my illness I had some plans for ameliorating the unhappy lot of a world-renowned pianist, but they didn't survive.

CARLOTTA. Your illness was very serious, wasn't it? It was in all the papers.

DIAZ. They told me it was pretty bad.

CARLOTTA. Who nursed you?

DIAZ. Nurses.

CARLOTTA. And is it quite, quite gone, now?

DIAZ. Oh, yes. Quite. Except this (*picking up a little case from a table*).

CARLOTTA. What is that ?

DIAZ. Morphine.

CARLOTTA. Do you take it ?

DIAZ. Sometimes. Inject it—subcutaneously. Done in a second. Doctor's advice—suggestion.

CARLOTTA. But it's a drug, isn't it ?

DIAZ. That's exactly what it is.

CARLOTTA. When you've taken it you feel you are under it—under its influence. Something in you that's stronger than you.

DIAZ. Yes.

CARLOTTA (*commiseratingly, tenderly, not reprovingly*). How dreadful ! (*With more vigour.*) I could not bear that, myself. I would sooner be ill. No, I could not bear it !

DIAZ (*rather apologetically*). We never know what we mayn't have to bear, do we ? (*Lightly.*) Now I've told you what my life is. Admit you're disillusioned, horribly disillusioned.

CARLOTTA (*firmly and cheerfully*). I prefer to be disillusioned.

DIAZ (*after looking at her*). You're a strange woman.

CARLOTTA. Why am I strange? Is it strange to prefer to know the truth? If I have illusions I want to lose them—of course! The truth is always more romantic, really. All that you've told me is wonderful. Even if it's unhappy, it's wonderful. It's thrilling. It's more miraculous even than I thought it could be. And I can see now that it must be like that. But you haven't told me everything.

DIAZ. Haven't I?

CARLOTTA. No.

DIAZ. What haven't I told you?

CARLOTTA. The most important thing. . . . I hated to see all those silly hysterical women crowding round the piano at the end of the concert to-night. (*Appealingly*.) You hated it too, didn't you?

DIAZ. I was in terror lest you should step up and join them. If you had done—

CARLOTTA (*shaking her head*). You might have been sure I never should.

DIAZ. How could I be sure ? I didn't know you.

CARLOTTA. Yes, you knew me.

DIAZ. Well, perhaps I did.

CARLOTTA. Do you often have to go through that kind of—siege ?

DIAZ. Yes (*lightly*), it's part of the routine.

CARLOTTA. But— Now you said you'd *understand*.

DIAZ. Listen, young lady, do you want to discuss the subject of love ?

CARLOTTA. Why not ? We're perfect strangers.

DIAZ. Certainly that helps. But where do you stand in the matter ?

CARLOTTA. I've read Shakespeare and Browning.

DIAZ. Oh ! That's nothing.

CARLOTTA. You're quite right. It *is* nothing. But it's all. Till to-night I'd never once talked alone with a man, except at lawn-tennis or a dance—you know the sort of stuff. I thought you'd tell me something. (*Pause.*) Why shouldn't I know ? The time will come when I shall know—everything.

DIAZ (*gently*). Yes, but the time and the man who tells will come together.

CARLOTTA (*timid*). Is it so ?

DIAZ. It is so.

CARLOTTA. Tell me just one thing. Is it worth while, love—honest Indian ?

DIAZ. I can't tell you.

CARLOTTA. Now you're not *understanding*. You're being conventional—you think I'm morbid.

DIAZ. Honest Indian, I'm not. I *can't* tell you.

CARLOTTA. But isn't there a woman who's

made you tremendously happy or tremendously unhappy ?—it doesn't matter which.

DIAZ. No, there isn't.

CARLOTTA. Then it's true about you being nursed by nurses when you were ill ?

DIAZ. Quite true. (*Pause.*) Another illusion gone.

CARLOTTA. I don't like it to go.

DIAZ. Why ?

CARLOTTA. I've always thought of you as——

DIAZ. Well, of course I'm not what you'd call an absolute stranger to the sex.

CARLOTTA. Oh ! I'm so glad.

DIAZ. Why ?

CARLOTTA. I doubt if a woman likes a man not to know a great deal of women—unless he's very, very young.

DIAZ. I don't remember that in either Shakespeare or Browning.

CARLOTTA. Perhaps that's my own.

DIAZ. Tell me—I'm thirty-six. How old are you ?

CARLOTTA. Twenty-one—nearly.

DIAZ. And now tell me everything else. It's my turn to hold an inquiry. You play the piano.

CARLOTTA. Yes, but don't let me give you a wrong idea. (*Eagerly.*) Shall I tell you how I *live* ?

DIAZ (*lightly*). After what has passed I think that's the least you can do.

CARLOTTA. I live with auntie in a Queen Anne house, and there's a pretty large garden all round it. And all round the garden there are little streets of little shops and workpeople's cottages, rather dirty. From my bedroom window I can see into the valley, and I can see all the other hills scattered about, and there are factory chimneys everywhere in the valley and on the horizon, and they never stop smoking, weekday or Sunday. Of course we ought to have gone to live right in the country long ago, like

other people, but auntie doesn't care to move. Auntie is a witch. She doesn't look like one—she looks like a perfect churchwoman and member of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association, which she is—but she's a witch. She's put a spell on the house and on the garden as well, and on the servants and the gardeners and the coachman. Our house used to be in the open country—we've got engravings of it like that. It still is in the open country, so far as auntie is concerned. All the trees and things in the district except ours are dirty grey with smoke. Our trees are green. And what's stranger still, our window-curtains are white. It's auntie's spell. Our garden with the house in the middle is just like an island in the sea. The sea washes round the walls, and the tide gets higher and higher, but it never washes in. Do you see what I mean ?

DIAZ. Yes.

CARLOTTA. Auntie thinks she's put her spell on me too. She doesn't really think she has, but she pretends to herself she has. And so I live there, and I'm very happy. I'm sad, but it's a happy sort of sadness, because auntie's frightfully fond of me, without understanding me a bit, and also because I'm waiting for something wonderful

to occur, and I don't know what it is. I live all by myself in my head—nobody can see inside it. I read—lots. And I go in and out and in and out by the side gate, and the sea keeps washing in there—but that's a secret. Auntie doesn't know. Yes, I do play the piano—not what *you'd* call playing. Still, I do play. I play Chopin. I've got Mikuli's edition—it's the best, isn't it? Auntie gave it me. She never guessed she was giving me the key of all the world. You know when you read something about some one—some one that's alive—and instantly you've read it that person is *somebody* to you. That happened to you with me. I *felt* that no one could play Chopin like you. Then I cut your photograph out of the *Illustrated London News*, and I put it in the Nocturnes, and when I'm playing alone I have it on the piano with me. That's why I know you so well. It's quite true—I like Chopin better than anything else in music, and I like music better than anything outside music, but I'm not really a musician. I think I'm a writer. I seem somehow to be able to write.

DIAZ. What do you write?

CARLOTTA. I've written a novel about political life in London.

DIAZ. Then you've lived in London too. I thought you must have done.

CARLOTTA. No, I haven't. I've never been there. You see I've just written my idea of what it is. Auntie knew in a vague sort of way that I was writing. But she didn't know I was writing a novel. And now something dreadful's occurred.

DIAZ. What's that ?

CARLOTTA. I got the novel typewritten and sent it to London, and it's been accepted ! And I've got to tell auntie.

DIAZ. Really ?

CARLOTTA. Yes, it may seem funny, but it's been accepted.

DIAZ. But surely all this must be the something wonderful that you've been waiting to happen to you in your spellbound garden !

CARLOTTA (*carelessly*). Oh ! It's very nice. But I don't call that wonderful. I knew that would happen sooner or later. I'm awfully conceited, you know—and yet I'm not.

DIAZ. Then what do you mean by 'wonderful'? (Carlotta *gives a baffled gesture*.) The subject has already been mentioned—do you mean love?

CARLOTTA. No. Not specially. It might be. But then it mightn't.

DIAZ. Well, in your sense of the word 'wonderful,' what's the most wonderful thing that's happened to you up to now?

CARLOTTA (*after reflecting*). Shall I tell you?

DIAZ. Do.

CARLOTTA (*with feeling*). . . . When you had the piano moved in the middle of the concert, so that you could see me better while you played. . . . I shall never be the same girl again. I'm another girl. . . . I must go.

DIAZ. No, no! Remember about living in the present. The train is a long way off.

CARLOTTA. It will be terrible when I get home. Auntie will have sent the carriage back to the station for me, on the chance of me being on the mail-train. Thank goodness she won't be

at the station. I told a frightful lie so that I could come to the concert to-night. Auntie had bought two tickets, and then this afternoon she says she's feeling very unwell and I can't possibly go alone. You don't know how I felt. I'd been living at your concert for a month past. I could have died—really. I sent up a note to Ethel Ryley—a school friend of mine who's just got married—and I implored her to go with me. She wrote back to say she couldn't. So I told auntie she'd written to say she could go, and I was to meet her at the station. Auntie was in bed by that time. I shall have to go up to auntie's bedroom as soon as ever I get home, and if she's asleep I shall have to wake her and tell her—about all this.

DIAZ. But must you ?

CARLOTTA. Must I ! I always pay the price—cash ! And I always will. There's something in me that makes me. And I like to.

DIAZ (*looking at her with admiration, rather wistfully*). You are—strong ! But now you really ought to take something. Please do—before I play. (*He moves to the table where the food is.*)

CARLOTTA (*trying to change her mood to lightness*).
Ought I? (*She follows him.*)

DIAZ. Let me see. Will you have some fowl?

CARLOTTA. Oh! What perfectly marvellous cake! What sort of cake is it?

DIAZ (*looking at the sliced roly-poly*). I don't know. Snape doesn't usually get cake at all. We eat together after concerts, he and I. He seems to have surpassed himself to-night. I've never seen any cake like that cake.

CARLOTTA. May I help myself?

DIAZ. Please. (*Begins to pour out drinks.*)

CARLOTTA (*biting into the jam roly-poly; disillusioned*). Why, it's only cold jam roly-poly with sugar on it!

DIAZ. Never! I'll make Snape swallow every crumb of it, as a punishment for putting this shame upon me.

CARLOTTA (*recovering herself quickly*). But I just love it. . . . Only I can't really eat to-night. . . . No, thanks, nothing to drink.

DIAZ. Well, then, I can't either.

CARLOTTA (*with sudden curttness*). Well, then, play.

DIAZ. What would you like me to play ?

CARLOTTA (*appealingly, with emotion imperfectly restrained*). Don't ask me to decide.

DIAZ (*becoming rather masterful*). But you must.

CARLOTTA (*still more appealingly, looking up at him*). Please ! (*Pause.*) I couldn't choose, even if your playing or not playing depended on it. You don't realize. You don't know how I feel—how I felt at the concert. You couldn't. When you play—I receive. I'm—I'm like a vase. Shall the vase—choose ?

DIAZ (*turning abruptly away, and then speaking*). I'll play something for a room. Chamber music. Not for the concert-hall. The conditions are different. (*Looking at her as he approaches the piano.*) The influence of the artist is so much more personal and effective in a room.

CARLOTTA (*feebly*). You make me afraid.

She sits down so that she is screened from the player by the piano. Diaz sits down at the piano.

DIAZ (*without looking at her*). Not there.

CARLOTTA. Yes. I like this seat.

DIAZ (*in a tremulous, sharp tone, without looking at her*). No. I cannot see you. Come over here, please, where I can see you. (*Looking at her.*) I am used to seeing you while I play.

Carlotta changes her seat.

CARLOTTA (*nervously*). Chopin ?

Diaz nods, and drags his chair a little forward. Carlotta settles herself in her seat, clearing her throat. The pianist's hands are lifted over the keyboard. Then there are very faint noises of Mrs. Joicey and Louisa outside. They are going up to the second story. Their voices are subdued. Mrs. Joicey's voice is heard, and the words just distinguished : ' I tell you she's gone.' Carlotta gives a nervous start, listening. The noises outside, always faint, die away. Absolute silence. Carlotta leans back, relieved.

Diaz begins to play the *Revolutionary Study of Chopin* (op. 25, No. 11). After about twenty bars Carlotta springs up, with a violent and forbidding gesture towards the pianist. He stops playing and hurries forward. The atmosphere of the scene suddenly becomes intensely emotional.

DIAZ. What is the matter ?

CARLOTTA (*now and henceforward with somewhat of the mature bearing of a fully grown woman*). I cannot bear it.

DIAZ. But what is the matter ?

CARLOTTA. It is too beautiful. (*She falls back into her chair as if exhausted.*) It's too beautiful, I tell you.

DIAZ (*with ecstatic realization of the effect of the music on her*). Does my playing affect you like that ? (*She nods.*) You are marvellous.

CARLOTTA. No, it's not I that am marvellous. It's you that are marvellous. When you were describing your life you left out all that.

DIAZ. All what ?

CARLOTTA. All the beautiful part ! All the sensations you produce ! All the power over others ! You must know there's nothing equal to it in the whole world. Don't you ? Don't you realize what an autocrat you are ?

DIAZ (*appealingly*). And yet— You have divined how I suffer, and how tragic my life is !

CARLOTTA (*rising ; bravely*). Yes.

DIAZ (*passionately*). Never on this earth have I met a woman like you ! . . . Who are you ?

CARLOTTA (*after a slight pause*). I told you my name.

DIAZ (*gazing at her*). Enchantress ! (*Kisses her hand.*)

CARLOTTA (*looking at her hand ; humbly, deprecatingly*). Not that !

DIAZ. And why not ?

CARLOTTA (*in another tone, stepping back virginally*). It is too sudden. I have admired and understood you for years, without having seen

you. But you—you never even knew of my existence until to-night.

DIAZ. Listen! I will tell you something mysterious and inexplicable. The most beautiful things and the most vital things and the most lasting things—come suddenly.

CARLOTTA (*hesitating*). I am helpless.

DIAZ. You! With your character! It is your strength that I have envied. . . . Give it to me.

CARLOTTA (*half to herself*). Why should I be afraid of my miracle?

Diaz takes her hand again to kiss it. She withdraws it.

CARLOTTA. Kiss higher than the hand.

They embrace.

CURTAIN.

SCENE II

The same room the next morning. Louisa on her knees at the fireplace is clearing the ashes from the grate. The room is full of the cold, dim, blue light of dawn.

Enter Carlotta from the back, stealthily. She starts at seeing Louisa, and Louisa also starts.

LOUISA (*recovering herself*). Good morning!

CARLOTTA (*excited and very nervous*). Hush! He's asleep.

LOUISA (*lower*). Is he! Better shut the door, then, if you don't want to wake him. (*She rises and shuts the door which Carlotta has left ajar.*) Now! . . . (*benevolent and curious*) I knew you hadn't gone.

CARLOTTA. Will you do something for me? Lend me a hat.

LOUISA (*staggered*). A hat?

CARLOTTA. Yes. One of your own. Anything will do. I'll pay you whatever you want for it.

LOUISA. I've got three. I should think my last year's straw would suit you best.

CARLOTTA. Yes, yes! Please! Quick! You see I must go—now, at once. And I can't possibly be seen in the street without something on my head.

LOUISA (*to herself as she leaves room, L.*). Talk about swallowing a camel and straining at a gnat! Stops out all night, but she can't possibly be seen in the street without a hat.

Carlotta looks for her cloak, finds it, and puts it on, and stands waiting. Re-enter Louisa with a straw hat, which Carlotta snatches at.

LOUISA (*as she watches Carlotta putting on the hat at the mirror*). Yes. It'll do. My sister always did say it was too young for me. But I'm glad I bought it, now. It's a good thing it was me and not my sister that was in here. My sister's very narrow, my sister is. I'm different. I don't know what would have become of me if

it hadn't been for my sister. I *should* have been a oner !

CARLOTTA. I'm frightfully obliged to you. How much is it, please ?

LOUISA. Nay ! Ye're very welcome. I can easily make up a tale to my sister.

CARLOTTA. But I should prefer to pay.

LOUISA. Yes. I dare say you would. But you see you can't.

CARLOTTA. You're very kind.

LOUISA. Well, I'm like that.

CARLOTTA. Will you undo the front door for me ?

LOUISA. Front door's open. We always open it first thing to air the house. Just slip quietly down the stairs and it's in front of you. And look here—(*very kindly*) I've not seen you. I've seen nothing.

CARLOTTA (*at the door*). Thank you ! You're awfully good-natured.

LOUISA (*with a break in her voice*). Well, I'm like that. And you're so young.

Exit Carlotta, L.

Louisa *bursts into tears*.

CURTAIN.

1. The first part of the book is devoted to a general
introduction to the subject of the book.

2. The second part of the book is devoted to a
detailed study of the various aspects of the subject.

3. The third part of the book is devoted to a
discussion of the various methods of the subject.

4. The fourth part of the book is devoted to a
discussion of the various applications of the subject.

5. The fifth part of the book is devoted to a
discussion of the various results of the subject.

6. The sixth part of the book is devoted to a
discussion of the various conclusions of the subject.

7. The seventh part of the book is devoted to a
discussion of the various prospects of the subject.

8. The eighth part of the book is devoted to a
discussion of the various future of the subject.

ACT II

1881

1881

1881

1881

1881

1881

1881

1881

1881

1881

1881

1881

1881

1881

1881

1881

1881

1881

1881

1881

1881

1881

1881

1881

1881

1881

ACT II

Drawing-room of Carlotta's flat in Bloomsbury. Doors R. leading to hall, and L. leading to boudoir. Window centre back, with view of roofs, etc., indicating that the flat is on an upper story. Furnished with genuine taste. A grand piano, with a cabinet photograph of Diaz on it, in a leather frame.

TIME : *Afternoon.*

Over seven years have passed.

Carlotta is alone.

Enter Jocelyn and Lord Francis Alcar.

LORD FRANCIS. Good afternoon, Miss Peel. You must blame Jocelyn for bringing me here.

CARLOTTA. How nice of you to come, Lord Francis ! Jocelyn, I shall richly reward you.

JOCELYN (*kissing Carlotta*). Well, I'll tell you in a minute how you can richly reward me. I was coming along here in the new car because I

was dying to see you, and in Piccadilly I overtook Lord Francis showing off his beautiful new suit to an admiring world. And he said he wanted to come too.

LORD FRANCIS. It was an opportunity not to be missed. And my desire to look at you and listen to you got the better of my fear of the imperfectly tamed monster that this young woman calls the new car.

JOCELYN. Imperfectly tamed ! Why, it will eat out of my hand ! Now, Miss Peel, I've got a very serious piece of news for you.

CARLOTTA. Well, let's sit down. (*They sit.*)

JOCELYN (*seriously*). Mother's paying a call on you this afternoon, (*with relief*) but she won't be here just yet. I'm getting my shot in first.

CARLOTTA. I shall be delighted to see your mother.

JOCELYN. Oh ! You are awful, Miss Peel.

CARLOTTA. Why ?

JOCELYN. No one could possibly be *delighted* to see mother. Do you know, when I refused

to go to church last Sunday father said it didn't matter because we always had a church in the house. He meant mother. And mother is really rather like a church.

LORD FRANCIS. I see already that this is no place for me. I've wandered by mistake into the wrong generation.

JOCELYN. And what's more—I think Mrs. Ispenlove's coming too. We passed her in Caroline Street, and she had a look on her face just as if she was going to pay a state visit to her husband's principal author. Mother says the Ispenloves have gone into their new house simply on the strength of your books. Of course mother always has a fearful down on publishers, but I do think there's something in it as regards the Ispenloves. Every one says Mr. Ispenlove must have made thousands and thousands out of your books, Miss Peel. . . . I seem to be doing all the talking. . . .

CARLOTTA. But we love it, don't we, Lord Francis ?

LORD FRANCIS. Without doubt. Do conquer your diffidence, Jocelyn.

JOCELYN. Well now, about that reward.

CARLOTTA. What reward ?

JOCELYN. I like that ! You said you would richly reward me for bringing Lord Francis, and you've forgotten all about it already ! (*Coaxingly.*) I'll tell you what I want, Miss Peel. Mother won't let me read your novels. Do make her. I'm particularly dying to read 'The Curtain.' That's really what I came about. You could speak to her when she comes.

CARLOTTA. But why won't she let you read them ?

JOCELYN. She says they—aren't for me. What I say is—they're much more for me than they are for her.

CARLOTTA. How do you know that ?

JOCELYN. Well, aren't they frightfully advanced ? As a matter of fact I know they are.

CARLOTTA. Now, Jocelyn, do please be a woman of the world.

JOCELYN. But I am.

CARLOTTA. Are you ? A woman of the world

exercises her imagination. A woman of the world would see that you are putting me in an impossible position. How can I say to your mother : 'Mrs. Sardis, I understand you refuse to let your daughter Jocelyn read my novels. I beg you not to let this occur again.' I assure you that modern lady novelists (*with irony on the phrase*) do not talk to each other in that way.

JOCELYN. I see what you mean. I never thought of that.

LORD FRANCIS. You've got all your mother's books to read.

JOCELYN. I've read 'em.

LORD FRANCIS. Then she lets you read her own novels ?

JOCELYN. There's no letting about it. I jolly well have to. Worse luck ! I never could understand mother's popularity. Father can't either. (*To CARLOTTA.*) Then you can't do anything for me ? You couldn't just hint . . . ?

CARLOTTA. I hate hints.

JOCELYN. Oh ! So do I ! Well, all right

then. Do you know what I shall do? I shall go straight to Hatchards, and I shall buy 'The Curtain,' out of my own hard-earned, and I shall take it home, and I shall tear the cover off it.

CARLOTTA. Oh, Jocelyn!

JOCELYN. Yes, and I shall tear the cover off one of mother's books, and I shall stickphast your book inside mother's covers, and I shall flaunt it in front of her. And she'll think I'm reading her silly old thing twice over—which heaven forbid! . . . Now I've finished, Lord Francis. You can have your turn. I do want to hear you and Miss Peel talk.

LORD FRANCIS. No, Jocelyn! No! I see plainly now that I made a mistake in letting you bring me here. I ought to have come alone.

JOCELYN. Then you won't talk in front of me. You'll trust your very life to a turn of my wrist in Piccadilly Circus, but you won't talk because I'm here. I must say I'm getting a bit fed up.

LORD FRANCIS (*protesting against all this language*). Remember, my child, that you are in the presence of a very distinguished woman.

CARLOTTA (*sympathetically*). Don't you detest distinguished people, Jocelyn ?

JOCELYN. Oh, I do ! They're ten a penny in our house. Mother's been translated into nine languages— (*A parrot screams, off.*) What's that ?

CARLOTTA. It's the parrot, back from the vet's. I expect Miss Palmer's feeding it.

JOCELYN. In the boudoir ?

CARLOTTA. Yes.

JOCELYN. Can I go and look at it ?

CARLOTTA. Do.

JOCELYN. I adore Miss Palmer. She isn't celebrated.

LORD FRANCIS. Miss Palmer ?

CARLOTTA. My secretary.

JOCELYN. The ever-faithful Emmeline ! (*On the way out.*) Whose is this portrait that's always on the piano ?

CARLOTTA. It's a famous pianist.

JOCELYN. Did you know him ?

CARLOTTA (*evenly, after a slight pause*). I only met him once in my life—years ago.

JOCELYN. Why do you have his portrait always on the piano ?

CARLOTTA. Well, you see, he *could* play the piano.

JOCELYN. What's his name ?

CARLOTTA. Diaz—Emilio Diaz.

JOCELYN. I never heard of him.

LORD FRANCIS. Such is fame.

Exit Jocelyn, L., with a charmingly impudent bow to Lord Francis.

LORD FRANCIS (*indicating Jocelyn*). And you were like that once ?

CARLOTTA. I wonder.

LORD FRANCIS. More or less.

CARLOTTA. I should say rather less than more.

LORD FRANCIS. But you know what I mean ?

CARLOTTA. Yes.

LORD FRANCIS. And how long since is it ?

CARLOTTA. Since what ? Since I was a young girl—within the meaning of the Act ? It's difficult to say.

LORD FRANCIS. Why ?

CARLOTTA. Because when you're a young girl you don't know you are. You don't find out till afterwards, and often quite a long time afterwards. If you tried to persuade Jocelyn that she's all that *you* mean by a young girl, you'd fail. She's convinced that people older than herself have a great deal to learn, and she feels disillusioned because once she hoped to be able to teach them a thing or two, whereas now she knows they're too stupid to learn. That's Jocelyn's picture of herself. There are no young girls. There never were any—in your sense.

LORD FRANCIS. Dear me ! And I thought this conversation would be so simple ! Well, never mind. Let me lead you quietly back to the point. How long is it since you were more or less like Jocelyn ? Ten years ?

CARLOTTA. Oh no ! Perhaps—well, seven.

LORD FRANCIS. And what brought about the change ?

CARLOTTA. Is this just curiosity, Lord Francis, or personal interest ?

LORD FRANCIS. Impersonal interest. I'm an old man, a very old man—over eighty. I'm indifferent to everything, except food and warmth. I've nothing to gain and scarcely anything to lose. I don't live. I survive. My sole hobby is facts—about human nature. I don't divide facts into categories. Anybody may tell me anything without troubling to blush. I can offer to my friends the rare luxury of shameless candour, combined with absolute ease and safety.

CARLOTTA. It's terrifying, but it's tempting.

LORD FRANCIS. Ah ! You understand ! Tell me. You live alone. Have you no relatives ?

CARLOTTA. Not since my aunt died. She died very suddenly. I went to a concert, and when I got home I found her dead.

LORD FRANCIS. Maiden aunt ?

CARLOTTA. Yes.

LORD FRANCIS. I suppose you were about twenty then.

CARLOTTA. Yes.

LORD FRANCIS. What sort of a concert ?

CARLOTTA. Piano recital. Chopin.

LORD FRANCIS. And after that you were by yourself ?

CARLOTTA. I came to London.

LORD FRANCIS. With the manuscript of your first novel in your trunk.

CARLOTTA. No. That went first. Luggage in advance. Mr. Ispenlove had already bought it. I threw myself at the Ispenloves. They gave me my first lessons in the great subject of

London. I took this flat, wrote another novel—two more, took a secretary—wrote three more novels, bought a parrot——

LORD FRANCIS. The parrot is a disturbing sign.

CARLOTTA. Yes, it is. But not so disturbing as cats would be. Then I wrote another novel. Indeed I finished it only yesterday. I've written eight novels in eight years, and made more money than I can spend. And there you are!

LORD FRANCIS. But you've explained nothing—nothing whatever—about the change from somebody more or less like Jocelyn—to you.

CARLOTTA. Haven't I? Still, everything happened just like that.

LORD FRANCIS. Now listen to the detached and frigid spectator. I've read your books. And I think you've explained the two sexes to each other just about as well as any novelist ever did. I turn from the books to their author, and I find a young creature who lived alone with a maiden aunt until she was twenty, and then lived alone with a parrot and a female clerk, and wrote eight long books in eight years, and became

extremely famous. . . . There's something wrong with the equation. . . . (*In a more intimate tone.*) Where did you get it all from ?

CARLOTTA. All what ?

LORD FRANCIS. All that's in your admirable but disconcerting books. . . . Out of your head ?

CARLOTTA. I suppose so.

LORD FRANCIS. Or out of your heart ?

CARLOTTA. Lord Francis, you said you were very old ; but let me warn you—you're getting dangerously younger every second.

LORD FRANCIS. No. You are mistaking the signs. I'm getting older every second. The aged sometimes have a strange desire. I have it and occasionally it excites me. Nincompoops call it senile inquisitiveness, but it's really the desire to take into the next world all possible knowledge of this. . . . Might be useful, you see.

CARLOTTA. Yes, it might. But there are some little bits of information that the next world will just have to do without.

LORD FRANCIS. Then it was the heart. I felt sure of it.

CARLOTTA. I never said so.

LORD FRANCIS. Yes, you did. I understand. It was the heart—when you were twenty. Since then you have taken to writing as some women take to drugs. And it has obtained such a hold of you that you cannot do without it.

CARLOTTA. On the contrary, I have determined to do no more work for twelve months.

LORD FRANCIS. Seriously ?

CARLOTTA. Quite.

LORD FRANCIS. Then you mean to give yourself to love—again.

CARLOTTA. Oh ! . . . Do you advise it ?

LORD FRANCIS (*coldly*). I absolutely prescribe it. (*With growing passion.*) I said I was indifferent to everything except food and warmth. But there's one thing that still arouses me. It's the sight of a young and beautiful woman growing older in solitude without noticing that she

is growing older. Waste! Horrible waste! Against nature! You're beautiful—lovely. You have temperament. You were born for love. And you are prostituting yourself to—novels. Repent! It's dangerous. But repent! Risk unhappiness and disaster. But repent! The best years are almost gone.

CARLOTTA. You came to tell me this.

LORD FRANCIS (*coldly*). I did. I regard it as my privilege.

Enter Mrs. Sardis and Mrs. Ispenlove, R.

MRS. SARDIS (*as she comes in, before Carlotta has quite recovered her equanimity*). Mrs. Ispenlove and I joined forces in the lift. How do you do?

LORD FRANCIS (*aside to Carlotta, as he slowly rises*). Another brace for you.

MRS. ISPENLOVE (*nervously*). Well, Carlotta. I only looked in for a moment.

MRS. SARDIS. Ah! Lord Francis.

The two new visitors shake hands with Carlotta, and Mrs. Sardis with Lord Francis Alcar.

CARLOTTA. So nice of you to call. I didn't know that you and Mrs. Ispenlove knew each other. Lord Francis Alcar—Mrs. Ispenlove.

Lord Francis *sits down apart, showing no interest whatever in the talk.*

MRS. SARDIS. Oh yes! We met once at a dinner——

CARLOTTA. I see.

MRS. SARDIS. Of the Publishing Trade Benevolent Society. And had quite a pleasant chat about trade matters. I remembered Mrs. Ispenlove perfectly. How is that clever husband of yours, Mrs. Ispenlove?

MRS. ISPENLOVE (*controlling her nervousness*). Very well, but very busy.

MRS. SARDIS. Thanks largely no doubt to the books of our friend (*indicating* Carlotta). I always say—what a godsend it must be to a publisher, even if he is a pushing man, when he finds an author whose books the public will insist on buying—in spite of the strange business methods of publishers. And yet *some* publishers aren't satisfied with taking nearly all the money,

they want all the glory too. I know I left my last publisher because he always gave the impression that in addition to publishing my books—he wrote them.

During the foregoing Jocelyn enters.

JOCELYN (*very demure and submissive*). Oh, mother darling!

MRS. SARDIS. No doubt, my child. But you ought to have told your mother where you were going. You might have brought me. I had to come in a taxi, and when I arrive I find my own car at the door.

JOCELYN. Oh, mother darling, I didn't know. Lord Francis asked me to give him a lift.

MRS. SARDIS (*sweetly*). Ah! In that case——

LORD FRANCIS (*coldly*). Is that my chauffeur? (*Rising.*) Please take me back at once to the precise spot in Piccadilly from which you abducted me. (*To Carlotta.*) Good-bye, dear lady.

CARLOTTA. But you'll have some tea, Lord Francis.

LORD FRANCIS. No, I thank you. (*Shakes hands.*)

CARLOTTA. Why not ?

LORD FRANCIS. I never have tea in my friends' drawing-rooms now. It makes me feel as if I was on the stage. Tea has been served in every play I've seen for the last ten years. It was not so in my younger days. These modern dramatists have made tea impossible for decent people.

JOCELYN (*very prim*). Oh, how do you do, Mrs. Ispenlove ?

MRS. ISPENLOVE. My dear ! (*They shake hands.*)

JOCELYN. We often meet here, don't we ? I see Mr. Ispenlove has just published a book about the Breton peasant. We're going to Brittany in August, and I shall read it if mother thinks it wise for me to study the condition of the lower classes in France. May I, mother darling ?

MRS. SARDIS. Certainly, my child.

JOCELYN. Good afternoon, Miss Peel. It was kind of you to let me see your adorable parrot. (*Shakes hands, bows to Mrs. Ispenlove.*) You coming, mother ?

MRS. SARDIS. No, my child. Take great care of Lord Francis.

LORD FRANCIS (*turning back from the door, to Jocelyn*). Have you got a driving licence ?

JOCELYN. Oh yes, Lord Francis. I've had one for eight months. I'm nearly nineteen.

CARLOTTA. Good-bye.

Exeunt Lord Francis and Jocelyn, R. As she leaves, Jocelyn gives a youthful kick in the air.

MRS. ISPENLOVE. I must go too.

CARLOTTA (*turning to her from the departing guests*). Not yet. Not yet.

MRS. ISPENLOVE (*preoccupied*). Yes. I called at the office to see Frank, but he wasn't in. I thought he might have run up here for a cup of

tea (*Carlotta shakes her head*), and as it was on my way— Good day, Mrs. Sardis.

CARLOTTA. Mr. Ispenlove hasn't been here for at least a week—not since I saw you last.

MRS. SARDIS (*to Mrs. Ispenlove*). Good afternoon. I hope we may meet again—perhaps at the next annual dinner of the Publishing Trade Benevolent Society.

CARLOTTA (*as Mrs. Ispenlove suddenly kisses her*). Well, you are in a hurry.

Exit Mrs. Ispenlove quickly.

CARLOTTA. I'll ring for tea. (*Moving towards mantelpiece.*)

MRS. SARDIS. Please don't. Tea means servants, and I want to speak to you quite privately.

CARLOTTA (*returning*). I have always understood that social life in London was founded on the axiom that servants are stone-deaf by profession.

MRS. SARDIS. It may be ; but the sight of

their ears is disturbing. However, Miss Peel, I did not come for dialogue, which we can both compose so well in our different ways. I wish to talk to you about— (*Breaking off and beginning again.*) I'm thirty years older than you.

CARLOTTA. No one would think it.

MRS. SARDIS. When I'm dead you will inevitably take my place.

CARLOTTA. Take your place, Mrs. Sardis? Do you know that you are alarming me?

MRS. SARDIS. Let us be frank. Between colleagues false modesty is out of place. I am the leader of English fiction to-day. Not merely the leading woman novelist, but the leading novelist. I have been for twenty years, and I shall be until I die or until I—relinquish the pen. Why pretend to ignore what is universally admitted? As Mr. Gladstone said, there is no question of rivalry—there cannot be. But when I am gone my mantle—if I may use the term—will fall on you.

CARLOTTA (*glancing at Mrs. Sardis's attire*). Will it?

MRS. SARDIS. Unquestionably. You too have

genius. And for the second time in succession the leadership of the greatest modern art will be held by a woman. A proud thought for our sex—although, mind you, I am still a convinced opponent of women's suffrage. Now, Miss Peel, I admire your work extremely. At first I had my mental reservations—but the immense popular appreciation which you have received has done away with them entirely.

CARLOTTA. That is very nice ; but surely your judgment isn't influenced by popular appreciation, is it ?

MRS. SARDIS. Of course it is. My dear—the great public is always right. Look at my own case.

CARLOTTA (*convinced*). Just so. But——

MRS. SARDIS. Pardon me. Let me come to my point. Now—(*stopping*)—may I call you Carlotta ?

CARLOTTA. Please do, Mrs. Sardis.

MRS. SARDIS. Let me offer you a little advice, my dear, dear Carlotta. I know the public. The public will accept any amount of—er—

unconventionality in your novels—you have already taught it to do so—but only on one condition. Namely, that there is no suspicion of—er—unconventionality in your private life.

CARLOTTA (*simply*). I see. The public won't mind what I say so long as it thinks I don't know what I am talking about. If it has reason to suppose that I do know what I'm talking about, then it will cease to respect me.

MRS. SARDIS (*very seriously*). Exactly! You have stated the case with all your accustomed epigrammatic lucidity. . . . I needn't tell you, my dear girl, that I don't for a single moment suspect you of—knowledge. You have genius. That is enough. You and I know how novels are written. Nevertheless—forgive me—the tongue of scandal is at work. I am your true friend and I have come to warn you.

CARLOTTA. Is this the result of my Sunday golf?

MRS. SARDIS. My dear Carlotta, your name is being connected with that of Mr. Ispenlove!

CARLOTTA (*startled, but controlling herself*). Mr. Ispenlove?

MRS. SARDIS. Your publisher! Oh, I am sure you are utterly innocent. If I was not sure of that my daughter would not be a visitor to this charming flat of yours. Probably your very innocence is responsible for the—er—artless unconventionality which has given rise to the tale. (*Reassuringly.*) You need not be apprehensive. The danger is already at an end. I have myself denied the slander. But there is a lesson in the incident. (*With real emotion.*) Carlotta, I am very jealous for the honour of our high vocation. And my desire is that when our biographies come to be written, yours and mine, no page shall be stained by even a rumour. And may I add just one word? I personally have nothing against Mr. Ispenlove. I am ready to believe that he is an excellent man, and that you think you owe a great deal to him. But my experience has taught me that purely formal relations are best—with one's publishers.

CARLOTTA (*enigmatically*). Thank you, Mrs. Sardis. It would be impossible for me to tell you what value I attach to your candour—and your courage.

MRS. SARDIS. Not at all. (*Nonchalantly.*) I am full of sympathy for Mrs. Ispenlove, poor woman!

CARLOTTA. Really ?

MRS. SARDIS. And I noticed you kissed her. That at any rate would alone dispose of——

CARLOTTA (*firmly*). No. I didn't kiss her. She kissed me. And it was the first time. (*She gazes steadily at Mrs. Sardis.*)

MRS. SARDIS (*after a pause, disturbed*). Oh !

CARLOTTA. Why are you so sorry for Mrs. Ispenlove ?

MRS. SARDIS. Mr. Ispenlove has been the topic of conversation before . . . before ever you came to London.

CARLOTTA (*aroused*). He is a friend of mine, and I must ask you——

MRS. SARDIS (*after a pause, still more disturbed*). Oh !

Enter Frank Ispenlove, R., rather dishevelled. He makes a gesture towards Carlotta before catching sight of Mrs. Sardis.

MRS. SARDIS. Mr. Ispenlove !

Overwhelmed by sudden and terrible suspicions, Mrs. Sardis bows gravely, and goes out in silence, R.

A pause.

CARLOTTA. What is the matter? Do you know your necktie is all crooked?

ISPENLOVE (*in a voice harsh with emotion*). Ah! If you turn against me to-day, I shall—I don't know what I shall do.

CARLOTTA. Turn against you! . . . Let me straighten it for you.

ISPENLOVE (*dropping his hat; as she straightens the necktie*). It's finished between Mary and me! . . . It's finished! I've no one but you now, and I've come—I've come——

Carlotta, *having straightened the necktie, pats it. They look at each other. She holds out her hand. Instead of taking it, Ispenlove suddenly kisses her. For an instant Carlotta seems to resent the kiss. Then she relents.*

ISPENLOVE (*holding her hand*). I can't believe it!

CARLOTTA (*gravely*). Why not ?

ISPENLOVE. Ever since yesterday I've been trying to come here, and I daren't. And I've been trying to think how I should say it, and I couldn't. And I've said nothing, and I've kissed you. (Carlotta *nods*.) A minute ago I was so miserable, I was in such a state—anything might have happened to me.

CARLOTTA. Poor boy !

ISPENLOVE. Now everything's all right. It seems as if I hadn't a care. Well, I haven't. You do love me ? (Carlotta *nods*.) Say it, say it ! . . . You aren't just taking pity on me. (Carlotta *shakes her head with a sad smile*.) I've always been in love with you—ever since that day you called at my office about your manuscript—your first day in London—and I drove you back to your hotel. I shall never forget the feel of being in the taxi with you. I didn't sleep all night—couldn't, didn't want to. I wouldn't have gone to sleep for anything. You see, I couldn't bear not to be thinking about you.

CARLOTTA. You dear thing ! How beautifully you tell me !

ISPENLOVE. But *you* haven't always been in love with *me*.

CARLOTTA. No.

ISPENLOVE. Then when did you—when did you first—I'm dying to know.

CARLOTTA. I didn't notice myself for a long time. But when you told me that the end of 'The Curtain' was not as good as I could make it—do you remember that afternoon in your office?—you were so shy about criticizing me, you were afraid to—your throat went dry and you stroked your forehead as you always do when you're nervous. There, you're doing it now, foolish boy! It was brave of you to tell me. Mind, you were wrong about the end of that book. I altered it to please you, quite against my conscience. I enjoyed altering it, and when I'd altered it I began to guess how fond of you I was. . . . That was it.

ISPENLOVE. It's incredible. Incredible! It passes comprehension!

CARLOTTA. Well, *of course*, dear! That's just what love does. Didn't you know? It's just the same for me as it is for you.

ISPENLOVE. No, no ! You don't understand, you can't understand, how I felt when I first began to suspect that I really meant something to you. I'm nobody. I can't talk. I can't write. I can't play. I can't do anything. And look at some of the fellows who come here ! I'm nothing but a rotten publisher.

CARLOTTA. You are *you* ! That was what seemed to be always the miracle to me, whenever we sat in your little private office, going through proofs and things—or pretending to.

ISPENLOVE (*reflective*). What marvellous afternoons we have had !

CARLOTTA. Yes. It appears that they have caused remark.

ISPENLOVE. Caused remark ? How ?

CARLOTTA. I don't know. You saw Mrs. Sardis. She came to warn me that scandal had started. However, she's thoroughly convinced of our innocence. She was superb.

ISPENLOVE. But we'd done nothing.

CARLOTTA. Yes we had. We'd fallen in love.

Your clerks noticed my visits to the office. Do you suppose publishers' clerks aren't human? Do you suppose they're blind—or dumb? Do you suppose they don't know what being in love is themselves?

ISPENLOVE. I'd sack the lot for two pins!

CARLOTTA. Not you! You're much more likely to raise all their salaries.

ISPENLOVE. Carlotta— (*After gazing at her and turning away.*) Listen. Our two lives are in our hands at this moment—this moment while we're talking here.

CARLOTTA. I feel it.

ISPENLOVE. What are we to do? What shall we decide to do?

CARLOTTA. You see your wife and I are such good friends.

ISPENLOVE (*loudly*). No! No! No! For God's sake, don't begin like that. You're above that sort of argument. Mary has been your friend. Good. You respect her; she respects you. Good. Is that a reason why our lives

should be ruined, yours and mine ? Will ruining our lives benefit Mary ? I tell you everything is over between her and me. Everything.

CARLOTTA. She hasn't the least suspicion about me ?

ISPENLOVE. I am aware of that. (*A pause.*)

CARLOTTA. Dear love, what do you want me to do ?

ISPENLOVE. The only honest thing. I want you to go away with me so that Mary can get a divorce.

CARLOTTA (*soothingly*). My poor boy !

ISPENLOVE (*calmed*). We shall go away and leave everything. You understand ?

CARLOTTA (*reflectively*). Yes. Of all the things we possess now, we should have nothing but ourselves. Thousands have done what you are asking me to do. And all of them have thought that their own case was different from all the other cases. And a few have not regretted the price. A few have been happy. A few have retained the illusion.

ISPENLOVE. Illusion, dear girl ?

CARLOTTA. Yes. The supreme illusion of love. Isn't it an illusion ? I have seen it at work in others, and in exactly the same way I see it at work in you and me. . . . No one can foretell the end of love.

ISPENLOVE. Carlotta, if you keep on like that, you'll frighten me.

CARLOTTA (*smiling*). I ? No. I will brace you. Because, whatever the end of the illusion and the price paid, I am one of those who believe that the illusion is worth it and that it's divine. . . . Only, don't let our love be blind. We should go away. But we should creep back. They nearly all do ; and we should. And then would come the ordeal for our love.

ISPENLOVE. Then would you prefer to stay here through all the divorce business and brazen it out ?

CARLOTTA. No.

ISPENLOVE. It would be frightful.

CARLOTTA. It would.

ISPENLOVE. Well, there's no other alternative.

CARLOTTA. Yes, there is another. (*Moving away from him.*)

ISPENLOVE (*with hope*). What is it ?

CARLOTTA (*quietly but impressively*). We can resist temptation. We can give each other up, now, this afternoon. You can return to your wife. We can both of us prove to our friends—yes, and to ourselves—that there may be something splendid in the soul stronger than sexual love. Do you know what it is ? Fortitude !

ISPENLOVE (*with abandonment*). I cannot ! I cannot ! : . . I've kissed you !

CARLOTTA (*with an appealing, protesting gesture*). You cannot ? You say you love and yet you cannot endure ?

*Enter suddenly Miss Palmer, L., from the boudoir.
She stops undecided at the door.*

CARLOTTA. Come in, Miss Palmer, come in.

MISS PALMER (*shutting the door, very disturbed*). I just wanted a word with you.

CARLOTTA. What is it ?

MISS PALMER. If you could spare a moment—now !

CARLOTTA (*after a moment's hesitation*). Mr. Ispenlove, will you come in again later on—say in an hour—a couple of hours—before dinner ?

ISPENLOVE. But——

CARLOTTA (*firmly*). If you wouldn't mind.

ISPENLOVE (*weakly*). Certainly, Miss Peel.

CARLOTTA (*with a bright smile*). Au revoir, then.

Exit Ispenlove in silence, R.

CARLOTTA (*sharply*). Now Emmeline, what on earth is the matter ?

MISS PALMER. Mrs. Ispenlove is here. She came straight to the boudoir.

CARLOTTA (*startled*). But Mrs. Ispenlove left not long since.

MISS PALMER (*still very calmly*). She's come

back. And she wants to see you alone. She wouldn't rest till I came in to see whether they'd all gone. I don't know what it is.

CARLOTTA (*going to the door, L.*). Is that you, Mrs. Ispenlove? Please do come in. I'm all alone.

Enter Mrs. Ispenlove, L. Exit Miss Palmer, L.

MRS. ISPENLOVE. Carlotta! (*Carlotta makes no reply.*) Here I am disturbing you! I hoped you'd be alone when I called before. I couldn't help trying again. No one will come in?

CARLOTTA (*soothingly*). We won't let any one come in. Do sit down. Here, smell this. (*Hands her a Mackenzie smelling-bottle. They both sit.*)

MRS. ISPENLOVE. You're very kind. I need kindness. That's why I came.

CARLOTTA. Tell me—what can I do?

MRS. ISPENLOVE. You can't do anything, my dear. Only I was obliged to talk to some one, after all the night. It's about Frank.

CARLOTTA. Mr. Ispenlove!

MRS. ISPENLOVE. Yes. He's left me—yesterday. He hasn't been to the office. I had a sort of idea I might see him here, but I might have known he wouldn't be at any place where I should be likely to go. (*Pause. Carlotta says nothing.*) I agree there's nothing to be said. But I do want you to understand. You can't understand unless I begin a long time ago. Oh, Carlotta! How beautiful you are—like that! You're so young! It's over twenty years since I fell in love.

CARLOTTA. With—Frank?

MRS. ISPENLOVE. No. With another man. He was a young barrister, just starting. I was living with my father; my mother was dead. I think everybody knew I had fallen in love with him. I'm sure *he* did. We saw a lot of each other. Some people even said it was a match, and that I was throwing myself away, because father had money. Fancy throwing myself away—me! Then I met Frank—Frank was younger than me—and Frank went mad about me, and he had father on his side. I wouldn't listen. I didn't give him a chance to say anything. This state of things went on for a long time. It wasn't my fault. It wasn't anybody's fault.

CARLOTTA. Just so.

MRS. ISPENLOVE. The man I was in love with came nearer. He was decidedly tempted. I thought I was sure of him. All I wanted was to be his wife—whether he loved me much or little. Then he drew away, scarcely ever came to the house. And then one day I saw a paragraph in the *Morning Post* saying he was going to marry a woman of title, a widow and the daughter of a peer. He'd done it to get on. She was nearly twice his age.

CARLOTTA. What a shame !

MRS. ISPENLOVE. Ah, my dear ! I couldn't blame him. He didn't love me. But he nearly killed me.

CARLOTTA. And then ?

MRS. ISPENLOVE. Frank was so persevering. And I couldn't help admiring Frank's character. What woman could ? I refused him, and then I married him. He was as mad for me as I was mad for the other one. . . . But I couldn't forget the other one, and Frank knew all about him, of course. He was never mentioned between us, but he was always there—always, always—every

day of the fifteen years of our marriage. We did our best, but it was no use. We were helpless, Frank and I, because you know we aren't the sort of people to go and make a scandal—at least, that was what I thought. I know differently now. Well, he died the day before yesterday.

CARLOTTA. Who ?

MRS. ISPENLOVE. The other one. Cramp-horne. He'd just been made a judge. He was the youngest judge on the Bench.

CARLOTTA (*with an inflexion of disdain and surprise*). Was *that* the man ?

MRS. ISPENLOVE (*nods*). Frank came in yesterday for lunch, and after he'd glanced at the paper he said, 'By the way, Cramphorne's dead.' Just like that. I didn't grasp it. Frank repeated : 'Cramphorne—he's dead.' I burst into tears. I tried to stop crying, but I couldn't. I sobbed. Frank was furious. He said, 'I know you've always been in love with the brute, but you needn't make such a damn fuss over him !' That made me angry. We had a scene. We both lost our tempers. Oh, it was terrible ! One of the servants came in—— (*A pause.*)

CARLOTTA. Yes ?

MRS. ISPENLOVE. Nothing. He's left me. He didn't come *home* last night. He said he'd never enter the house again, and he won't.

CARLOTTA. Then you love your husband—now ? (*Pause.*) Do you ? Tell me honestly.

MRS. ISPENLOVE. Honestly ? Honestly ? No, if I loved Frank I couldn't have been so upset about Cramphorne. But we've been together so long. We're husband and wife. We got on pretty well considering—until lately, though he hasn't been so nice this last six months. I always tried to be a good wife to him. . . . Think of the scandal ! A separation at my age. It's unthinkable. . . . Carlotta, my married life has been awful—awful, for both of us. But we hid it. No one knew. . . . And now——

CARLOTTA. *I* knew.

MRS. ISPENLOVE (*startled*). How did you know ?

CARLOTTA. Frank told me.

MRS. ISPENLOVE (*pained*). He'd no right to do so.

CARLOTTA. Yes, he had. (*On an impulse.*) Oh, Mrs. Ispenlove, I'm terribly sorry, but Frank's in love with me.

MRS. ISPENLOVE. He's— (*Pause.*) So that's it! (*Pause.*) And I never guessed. (*She laughs and rises. Sarcastically.*) Of course you advised him to resist temptation.

CARLOTTA. I did.

MRS. ISPENLOVE. Of course!

CARLOTTA. He's just been here. I sent him away so that I could see you.

MRS. ISPENLOVE (*indignant*). And this is how you tell me! (*Moving about.*)

CARLOTTA (*appealingly*). How *was* I to tell you? I just had to be honest with you. Do try and put yourself in my place for a moment.

MRS. ISPENLOVE. In your place! (*She stops in front of the photograph.*) I suppose you'll hide that now—or burn it.

CARLOTTA. What do you mean?

MRS. ISPENLOVE (*losing control of herself ; with an angry gesture towards the photograph of Diaz.*) He was your first ! Do you think I never guessed ? I've seen it plain on your face time after time. Why else do you keep it there ? I always knew you were a bad woman. Anybody can see what *you* are in every line you write. . . . I expect it was you who drove him to morphine. (*She picks up the photograph idly, and then drops it flat on the piano.*)

CARLOTTA. Morphine ? Who ?

MRS. ISPENLOVE. Why ! Diaz. Didn't you know that if he doesn't play any more nowadays it's because he's a hopeless morphinomaniac ? Don't tell *me* !

CARLOTTA. How do you know he's a——

MRS. ISPENLOVE (*resuming control of herself*). I know because I saw him myself at the Grand Hotel when I went to Paris with Frank last month for the Copyright Congress. He's living there—unless they've turned him out. All Paris knew about him, and he hadn't a friend—naturally. Not a friend ! Good afternoon, Miss Peel. (*Breaking down near the door.*) Oh, Car-

lotta ! You'll regret this ! What have I got to live for ?
(Exit R.)

Carlotta goes to the piano, looks at the photograph as it lies, and sets it upright again on the piano. Next she goes to the writing-desk and sits down and takes a sheet of note-paper. Then, after an impatient movement, rises and goes to door L., and opens it.

CARLOTTA. Emmeline, where's my pen ? Bring it me, please. *(She resumes her seat at the desk.)*

Enter Miss Palmer with pen.

CARLOTTA *(taking pen)*. Thanks. That's all.

Exit Miss Palmer, at back. Carlotta, after hesitations, writes. Enter Ispenlove.

ISPENLOVE *(disturbing Carlotta)*. You are free now ? . . . Miss Palmer told me I might come in.

CARLOTTA *(starting up)*. Is this your idea of an hour—two hours ?

ISPENLOVE *(excited)*. Carlotta, I came back to tell you—we ought to leave London to-night. We must leave to-night. More delay would kill

me. Never mind packing. Let's catch the 8.40 train at Victoria. I shall have no rest till we're on our way.

CARLOTTA (*as if dazed*). Train ? What train ?

ISPENLOVE. For Paris, of course. I can easily arrange my business from there.

CARLOTTA (*with emotion*). Paris !

ISPENLOVE. After Paris—anywhere you like.

CARLOTTA. I was just writing to you.

ISPENLOVE. Writing ? But why ?

CARLOTTA (*handing him the note-paper*). I didn't intend to see you again. . . . Read what I've written.

Ispenlove reads. *A pause.* Carlotta sits down.

ISPENLOVE (*dropping the paper on a chair*). But this is a repetition of what you said to me when I went out just now.

CARLOTTA. Yes.

ISPENLOVE. Then you were serious—about me going back to my wife, and—and about showing fortitude and all that sort of thing? You really meant it?

CARLOTTA. I did.

ISPENLOVE (*in despair*). You don't love me—never did! You were only sorry for me—when you let me kiss you. If you'd been in love you'd never have talked about love being an illusion. You simply couldn't. I might have known. I did know—all the time. You don't love me.

CARLOTTA. Frank, I'm awfully fond of you. I am, really. . . . It's terrible to me to see you like this. But——

ISPENLOVE. I don't care whether you love me or whether you don't love me. I'll be satisfied with pity if I can't get anything else. Have pity on me! . . . No! You won't. You won't. You'll never change your mind. I know you.

CARLOTTA. I can't go with you. It wouldn't be right. It would be worse than anything.

ISPENLOVE. You're thinking of your reputation.

CARLOTTA (*with an outburst*). My reputation ?
Me ? (*Calming herself*.) And supposing I am ?

ISPENLOVE. Well, this is the end for me.

CARLOTTA. No, no !

ISPENLOVE. Do you know what I decided
when I first came here this afternoon ? I decided
that if you refused me, if you even judged me, I
should go to the office and shoot myself.

CARLOTTA. But you won't.

ISPENLOVE. I shall. There's nothing else
for it.

CARLOTTA. You ought not to talk like that.
It's not fair, and it won't do any good.

ISPENLOVE. I know it's not fair, and I know
it won't do any good. . . . But that's the point
I've got to.

*In silence he moves towards the door. Enter
Miss Palmer quickly, L.*

MISS PALMER (*calmly*). Oh, Mr. Ispenlove !
Please come ! It's a policeman. Mrs. Ispen-

love's been under a motor-bus. She ran right in front of it, the policeman says. She must have lost her head. The bus knocked her down, but the wheels didn't touch her, and she's not hurt. They've got her at the chemist's round the corner. Our hall-porter saw the crowd and went along, and he knew Mrs. Ispenlove had just been here. Please do come at once. (Ispenlove *makes no reply.*)

CARLOTTA. Run and tell the policeman Mr. Ispenlove will come instantly. Run!

Exit Miss Palmer, R. A pause.

ISPENLOVE (*quickly*). Then it was my wife who persuaded you to throw me over?

CARLOTTA. Frank, *you* must have pity—on both of us. Go and take her home. She's tried to kill herself—and failed. (Ispenlove *starts.*) You were in love with her when I was a girl at school. She was everything to you once, and she is still alive. Good-bye.

ISPENLOVE (*at the door, bitterly*). You let me kiss you—and then you thought of your precious reputation.

Carlotta drops her head. Exit Ispenlove, R.

Carlotta takes up the photograph again and kisses it.

Enter Miss Palmer, R.

MISS PALMER. Oh, Miss Peel ! What a mercy she wasn't hurt !

CARLOTTA. You're sure she isn't ?

MISS PALMER. The hall-porter says she was sitting on a chair in the chemist's shop and crying. The reaction, I suppose.

CARLOTTA. I have to go to Paris to-night.

MISS PALMER. To-night ?

CARLOTTA. Yes.

MISS PALMER. Alone ?

CARLOTTA. Yes.

CURTAIN.

General Order No. 100, 1863
Article 15, 1863
Section 1, 1863

Article 15, 1863

Section 1, 1863
Article 15, 1863

Section 1, 1863

Article 15, 1863
Section 1, 1863
Article 15, 1863

Section 1, 1863

Article 15, 1863

Section 1, 1863

Article 15, 1863

Section 1, 1863

Article 15, 1863

Section 1, 1863

ACT III

1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100. 101. 102. 103. 104. 105. 106. 107. 108. 109. 110. 111. 112. 113. 114. 115. 116. 117. 118. 119. 120. 121. 122. 123. 124. 125. 126. 127. 128. 129. 130. 131. 132. 133. 134. 135. 136. 137. 138. 139. 140. 141. 142. 143. 144. 145. 146. 147. 148. 149. 150. 151. 152. 153. 154. 155. 156. 157. 158. 159. 160. 161. 162. 163. 164. 165. 166. 167. 168. 169. 170. 171. 172. 173. 174. 175. 176. 177. 178. 179. 180. 181. 182. 183. 184. 185. 186. 187. 188. 189. 190. 191. 192. 193. 194. 195. 196. 197. 198. 199. 200. 201. 202. 203. 204. 205. 206. 207. 208. 209. 210. 211. 212. 213. 214. 215. 216. 217. 218. 219. 220. 221. 222. 223. 224. 225. 226. 227. 228. 229. 230. 231. 232. 233. 234. 235. 236. 237. 238. 239. 240. 241. 242. 243. 244. 245. 246. 247. 248. 249. 250. 251. 252. 253. 254. 255. 256. 257. 258. 259. 260. 261. 262. 263. 264. 265. 266. 267. 268. 269. 270. 271. 272. 273. 274. 275. 276. 277. 278. 279. 280. 281. 282. 283. 284. 285. 286. 287. 288. 289. 290. 291. 292. 293. 294. 295. 296. 297. 298. 299. 300. 301. 302. 303. 304. 305. 306. 307. 308. 309. 310. 311. 312. 313. 314. 315. 316. 317. 318. 319. 320. 321. 322. 323. 324. 325. 326. 327. 328. 329. 330. 331. 332. 333. 334. 335. 336. 337. 338. 339. 340. 341. 342. 343. 344. 345. 346. 347. 348. 349. 350. 351. 352. 353. 354. 355. 356. 357. 358. 359. 360. 361. 362. 363. 364. 365. 366. 367. 368. 369. 370. 371. 372. 373. 374. 375. 376. 377. 378. 379. 380. 381. 382. 383. 384. 385. 386. 387. 388. 389. 390. 391. 392. 393. 394. 395. 396. 397. 398. 399. 400. 401. 402. 403. 404. 405. 406. 407. 408. 409. 410. 411. 412. 413. 414. 415. 416. 417. 418. 419. 420. 421. 422. 423. 424. 425. 426. 427. 428. 429. 430. 431. 432. 433. 434. 435. 436. 437. 438. 439. 440. 441. 442. 443. 444. 445. 446. 447. 448. 449. 450. 451. 452. 453. 454. 455. 456. 457. 458. 459. 460. 461. 462. 463. 464. 465. 466. 467. 468. 469. 470. 471. 472. 473. 474. 475. 476. 477. 478. 479. 480. 481. 482. 483. 484. 485. 486. 487. 488. 489. 490. 491. 492. 493. 494. 495. 496. 497. 498. 499. 500. 501. 502. 503. 504. 505. 506. 507. 508. 509. 510. 511. 512. 513. 514. 515. 516. 517. 518. 519. 520. 521. 522. 523. 524. 525. 526. 527. 528. 529. 530. 531. 532. 533. 534. 535. 536. 537. 538. 539. 540. 541. 542. 543. 544. 545. 546. 547. 548. 549. 550. 551. 552. 553. 554. 555. 556. 557. 558. 559. 560. 561. 562. 563. 564. 565. 566. 567. 568. 569. 570. 571. 572. 573. 574. 575. 576. 577. 578. 579. 580. 581. 582. 583. 584. 585. 586. 587. 588. 589. 590. 591. 592. 593. 594. 595. 596. 597. 598. 599. 600. 601. 602. 603. 604. 605. 606. 607. 608. 609. 610. 611. 612. 613. 614. 615. 616. 617. 618. 619. 620. 621. 622. 623. 624. 625. 626. 627. 628. 629. 630. 631. 632. 633. 634. 635. 636. 637. 638. 639. 640. 641. 642. 643. 644. 645. 646. 647. 648. 649. 650. 651. 652. 653. 654. 655. 656. 657. 658. 659. 660. 661. 662. 663. 664. 665. 666. 667. 668. 669. 670. 671. 672. 673. 674. 675. 676. 677. 678. 679. 680. 681. 682. 683. 684. 685. 686. 687. 688. 689. 690. 691. 692. 693. 694. 695. 696. 697. 698. 699. 700. 701. 702. 703. 704. 705. 706. 707. 708. 709. 710. 711. 712. 713. 714. 715. 716. 717. 718. 719. 720. 721. 722. 723. 724. 725. 726. 727. 728. 729. 730. 731. 732. 733. 734. 735. 736. 737. 738. 739. 740. 741. 742. 743. 744. 745. 746. 747. 748. 749. 750. 751. 752. 753. 754. 755. 756. 757. 758. 759. 760. 761. 762. 763. 764. 765. 766. 767. 768. 769. 770. 771. 772. 773. 774. 775. 776. 777. 778. 779. 780. 781. 782. 783. 784. 785. 786. 787. 788. 789. 790. 791. 792. 793. 794. 795. 796. 797. 798. 799. 800. 801. 802. 803. 804. 805. 806. 807. 808. 809. 810. 811. 812. 813. 814. 815. 816. 817. 818. 819. 820. 821. 822. 823. 824. 825. 826. 827. 828. 829. 830. 831. 832. 833. 834. 835. 836. 837. 838. 839. 840. 84

ACT III

The salon of a furnished flat in a dubious street of Paris. Doors back and R. The former almost wide open, showing a little entrance-hall with the front door of the flat. The door R. leads to a bedroom. The window is not seen. The furniture is pretentious and ugly, and shows signs of wear. A table in the middle. A man's hat hangs behind the inner door. The scene must be set shallow.

TIME : *Early afternoon.*

Two days have elapsed.

Diaz is alone, wandering about the room. There is a ring at the front door. He goes into the ante-chamber, opens the front door cautiously, and lets in Carlotta. He then shuts the front door with a mysterious and determined air. He motions Carlotta to enter the room. She obeys, apprehensive. He follows her, and shuts the inner door.

CARLOTTA (*with ingratiating softness of tone,*

looking round). Then it is you ! (*She holds out her hand.*)

DIAZ (*inimically*). Oh ! So you're English, are you ?

CARLOTTA (*overpowered*). Don't you remember me ?

DIAZ. Who the devil are you ?

CARLOTTA. I'm—Magdalen.

DIAZ. Magdalen ! Magdalen ! (*Laughs.*) Which one, I wonder.

CARLOTTA (*weakly, after a pause*). Don't you remember that night after the concert ?

DIAZ. After the concert ! After the concert ! You might think I'd given only one concert in my life. What do you want here ? What did you come for ?

CARLOTTA. I came—to see you.

DIAZ. Well, you see me. What else ?

CARLOTTA. I thought you'd like to meet me

again. I thought you were lonely and I might—help you—somehow.

DIAZ. Oh, that's it, is it? Well, sit down. (*She sits. Diaz remains standing.*) I'm just in the mood to talk to people like you. How did you get my address?

CARLOTTA. I——

DIAZ. Now answer me. How did you get my address? Did you get it from the Grand Hotel?

CARLOTTA. Yes.

DIAZ. And I suppose they told you they'd turned me out?

CARLOTTA. They said——

DIAZ. Did they tell you they'd turned me out—or didn't they?

CARLOTTA. They said they'd suggested that you might prefer a private lodging.

DIAZ. It's a lie. They didn't suggest any such thing. On the contrary, when I informed them I wouldn't stand their awful hotel a day

longer, they begged me to stay on. Of course it's simply a fortune to any hotel to have Emilio Diaz among its guests. I left because I chose to leave. Now you may think that this isn't much of a place. You may think, for example, that this room isn't furnished in the best taste. But I like it, and what's it got to do with you, after all ? When I want your opinions I'll ask for them. This place was offered to me by a kind friend. You'd probably sniff at her. But she never asks me for money, and she's the one friend that remains. *She* hasn't anything to do with the persecution. . . . At least I think she hasn't. I can't be absolutely sure.

CARLOTTA. Persecution ? What do you mean ?

DIAZ. Good ! Good ! That's pretty fair acting. So you'll make out you didn't know I was being persecuted ?

CARLOTTA. I certainly hadn't the slightest idea.

DIAZ. (*sneeringly*). Naturally you hadn't ! Therefore I'll give you a few interesting details. You're no doubt aware that I'm what's called a morphinomaniac. . . . Speak up ! Speak up ! . . . Never heard the word morphine mentioned in connection with me ? Yes or no ?

CARLOTTA. Yes.

DIAZ. Ah! I knew I should drag it out of you! (*With violent and positive sincerity.*) Well, it's a disgraceful slander! A disgraceful slander! I was very ill a long time ago, and after my illness I did take a little morphine, strictly under doctor's orders. But I've taken none for years. None! Do you understand me? Not a solitary injection! I've been suffering from neurasthenia—pure nervous debility. And how was that brought on? (*Quietly.*) It was brought on partly of course by overwork. The whole world knows how I have worked. (*Loudly.*) But it was brought on much more by this persecution, this damnable plot against me.

CARLOTTA. But who——?

DIAZ (*stopping her ; mysteriously*). Ah! . . . Ah! . . . I know him! I've traced him! Practically, my evidence is complete. Anyhow, it will be, to-morrow—or next week at latest. I have him. . . . You guess his motive. Who wouldn't? Professional jealousy, of course! He was afraid. His audiences were lessening, lessening. He was never a first-class pianist, but he was a first-class scoundrel—that I'll admit. He got hold of the fact that I used to take a little morphine. And

on that he built everything. First he bribed the critics. There was a most remarkable change in my notices. Then audiences began to fall away. Then it was the concert agents who turned against me. Every one of 'em. Then I couldn't even hire a hall. Think of it! Couldn't even hire a hall! Me! Then he actually got me thrown out of the Grand Hotel. That was the climax. . . . But my neurasthenia is rapidly disappearing. I'm much better. I'm much stronger. Do I look neurasthenic?

CARLOTTA. No! You look quite strong.

DIAZ. Don't I look like a master?

CARLOTTA. Yes.

DIAZ (*imperiously*). Master of what? Master of what? Say it!

CARLOTTA. Master of the piano.

DIAZ. Ah! . . . And yet you're only acting, miss. I can see through you. You—and your employer. You imagine you're very clever, very subtle. But I've twigged the game. He knows I'm getting better of my neurasthenia. And he's afraid, he's trembling once more. There's a new

plot brewing, and he's sent you here to spy out the land. I was sure of it the moment you came into the room.

CARLOTTA (*rising*). Please, please don't think such a thing.

DIAZ. Sit down ! Sit down, I tell you ! (*She sits. Calmly.*) Why, you silly woman, can't you see I've been playing with you ? You're not really causing me the faintest anxiety. Do you suppose I should have confided to you all these secrets if I hadn't made up my mind in advance to kill you ? (*With excitement.*) You little thought——

CARLOTTA. Kill me ?

DIAZ (*taking a revolver from the drawer*). Certainly. What else is there for me to do ? . . . No, sit down. Don't move.

CARLOTTA. I shan't move. But please reflect——

DIAZ (*gloatingly*). You're frightened.

CARLOTTA. I'm not. But I've been the cause of a great deal of unhappiness, and I don't want to be the cause of any more.

DIAZ. You won't be.

CARLOTTA. I shall if you shoot me. Just think what it will mean for you—*please*!

DIAZ. Clever! Clever! But it won't help you, Magdalen! . . . (*As if recollecting.*) Magdalen? Magdalen? The mail-train.

CARLOTTA (*rising suddenly*). Emilio!

Diaz shoots and misses her. The bullet breaks an ornament behind.

DIAZ (*rushing away*). I didn't mean to shoot!
I didn't mean to shoot! (*Exit, R.*)

Carlotta looks round at what is smashed. Her emotion is obvious, and she does not know what to do next. Enter Rosalie, back, suddenly, in a state of excitement.

ROSALIE. *Mais qu'est-ce qu'il y a donc? Qu'est-ce qu'il y a . . . madame?*

CARLOTTA. Er—nothing, I think.

ROSALIE (*calmer*). Ah! Madame is English?

CARLOTTA. Yes, madame.

ROSALIE. I imagined to myself I did hear a revolver.

CARLOTTA. Yes, madame. It went off by accident. You see what it broke. Monsieur Diaz— You know Monsieur Diaz, madame ?

ROSALIE. Do I know him, madame ? We are good friends—we are the best friends, since a long time. In my flat, Monsieur Diaz is at home. And I am at home in his. What would you ?

CARLOTTA (*cautiously*). Monsieur Diaz has just gone into the next room, madame.

ROSALIE. Ah ! When he returns he will be better.

CARLOTTA. What do you mean, madame ?

ROSALIE. Madame is without doubt an acquaintance of monsieur's ?

CARLOTTA. Yes, I am. But I hadn't seen him for many years.

ROSALIE. Without indiscretion, madame, one may speak freely ?

CARLOTTA. Certainly, madame.

ROSALIE. Madame, you have been seriously agitated. That sees itself. I suppose, therefore, that you were some little surprised by the condition of Monsieur Diaz. You had the misfortune to arrive at the hour of one of his paroxysms.

CARLOTTA. Paroxysms ? What——

ROSALIE. You have not heard, madame ? He—*il se pique*. He gives himself injections. He is giving himself an injection now—at this moment. He is *morphinomane*.

CARLOTTA. But he assured me——

ROSALIE. Naturally ! They all do that. It is I who tell it to you. And God knows if I have not met a few of them in my life ! It is a pity, eh ? But what would you ? We all have something. I, for example, I am not *morphinomane*. I have a health of iron. Never a pain. I drink, so to speak, nothing. I have money. I am still young. But I am mad. I recognize it. I am

mad. Well, Monsieur Diaz—he pricks himself with morphine. It is an amiable vice, except on the bad days. Never have I encountered a man with so much charm, so much heart, and so distinguished! True, the morphine will kill him. But we shall all die. What would you?

CARLOTTA (*warmly*). But he can be cured!

ROSALIE (*with tranquillity*). No, madame. Behold a little malady that cures itself never.

CARLOTTA (*still more warmly*). But he must be cured!

ROSALIE (*nonchalantly*). As you please, madame. . . . Shall I go and see— (*With a gesture towards the door, R.*)

CARLOTTA. Just a moment, madame.

ROSALIE. With pleasure, madame.

CARLOTTA. He lives here quite alone?

ROSALIE. Quite alone.

CARLOTTA. But he has a servant?

ROSALIE. Madame, he shares my charwoman. She comes here from ten to twelve. Then to my flat from twelve to three. You see that in my vocation it is impossible to rise early. I hide nothing from you, madame. Besides, everybody knows it. It is I who found this furnished flat for Monsieur Diaz. My flat is on the same floor. It is all that is most convenient.

CARLOTTA. But his meals !

ROSALIE. His meals ? Let us see. His *petit déjeuner*, he takes it in bed—when he takes it. For the rest, he goes to a café-restaurant. Or sometimes he takes lunch in my flat with Madame Léonie and me. Léonie is my very dear friend, whom I love much. She has a room in my flat. When Monsieur Diaz comes, we are quite gay, we three, but in an intimate fashion. I have a beautiful pianola, with the best rolls—everything that is latest in waltzes. I adore the waltz, above all, the new varieties— Ah ! English musical comedy ! I am mad about it. There is nothing to compare with it. I always play the pianola for Diaz.

CARLOTTA. But you knew that Monsieur Diaz was a very celebrated pianist !

ROSALIE (*nonchalantly*). Truly? I had perhaps heard something about it. Indeed, it seems to me that I remember, when I was young, I remember to see his name once on a street advertisement of a classical concert. But, you know, the classical concert—that is not my kind. My business is at the music-hall. Marigny Theatre in summer. Folies-Bergère in winter. I have no time for amusements.

CARLOTTA. But your friends—did they never tell you, madame?

ROSALIE. Madame, I have many friends, because I am a good girl and everybody knows it. But I have never said the name of Diaz to my friends.

CARLOTTA. Why not, madame?

ROSALIE (*with a slight trace of resentment*). He asked me never to say his name. And one can count on me.

CARLOTTA. And nobody comes to see him?

ROSALIE. Madame, you are the first. You see, this street—shall we say?—repels.

CARLOTTA. But how can you tell, madame, that I am the first? (*She begins to take off her gloves.*)

ROSALIE (*with more resentment*). I am at home all day, madame.

CARLOTTA. But at night?

ROSALIE (*impatiently*). Ah! At night, naturally I am not at home. I go to my regular music-hall. It is my existence. I am not like the others. I am a serious girl. Is not my English very good? Do not my friends make me compliments every night on my English? As I say, I cannot answer for the evenings of Monsieur Diaz. If you insist— (*With a sudden change to extreme benevolence as Carlotta uncovers her left hand.*) Ah! madame—mademoiselle. I ask pardon. I perceive that mademoiselle has no ring. How content I am!

CARLOTTA. But why?

ROSALIE. Ah, mademoiselle! In our profession it is the married women whom we have the best reason to fear. . . . How content I am! Mademoiselle, you will pardon to me my mistake.

I am perhaps too frank. I speak too much. That is my defect.

CARLOTTA. You have been most kind, madame. It is I who have been indiscreet. Will you tell me one more thing ? Monsieur Diaz never leaves here ?

ROSALIE. He has not—up to now. Why should he ? One is very well here. There is a balcony. True, in the great heats Paris is enervating. But Monsieur Diaz has not yet experienced the great heats. For myself, I never leave Paris.

CARLOTTA. Really !

ROSALIE. Except to see my little boy—and that is only in the suburbs.

CARLOTTA. So you have a little boy ?

ROSALIE. Yes, he lives with my parents at Meudon. He is four years old.

CARLOTTA. You are very fond of him ?

ROSALIE. Fond ! I adore him ! And he loves me too. If he is naughty, one has only to tell

him that he will make his leetle mummy ill, and he will be good at once. When one tells him to obey his grandfather because his grandfather provides him with food, he says bravely : ‘ No, not grandfather ; it is leetle mummy.’ Is it not strange he should know that I pay for him ?

CARLOTTA. How nice ! And you see him often ?

ROSALIE. No. Only once a month. I take him for a promenade. I run with him till we reach the woods, where I can have him to myself, alone. I avoid people. Nobody except my parents knows that he is my child. One supposes that he is a nurse-child, received by my parents. But all the world will know now. Sunday last I went to Meudon with Léonie. Léonie wished to buy him some sweets at the grocer’s. In the shop I asked him if he would like peppermints. ‘ Yes,’ he answered. ‘ Yes who, young man ? ’ the grocer corrected him. ‘ Yes, leetle mummy,’ he replied loudly and bravely. The grocer understood. We all lowered our heads. . . . You, naturally, have no child, mademoiselle ?

CARLOTTA. No. How I envy you ?

ROSALIE. You must not. I have been so

unhappy that I can never be as unhappy again. Nothing matters now. All I wish is to save enough money to be able to live quietly in a little house in the country.

CARLOTTA. With your child.

ROSALIE. My child will grow up and leave me. He will become a man and forget his little mummy.

CARLOTTA. Don't talk like that.

ROSALIE (*roughly*). Why not? Is it not true, then? Do you believe there is a difference between one man and another? They are all alike—all, all, all!

CARLOTTA. But surely you have some tender souvenir of your child's father.

ROSALIE. Do I know who is my child's father? . . . (*Controlling herself and smiling lightly.*) But there! What would you? While hating all these gentlemen, we love them. They are beasts! Beasts! But we cannot do without them. What would you? (*In a low voice, moving towards door, R.*) Now I will see——

Enter Léonie, back.

LÉONIE (*at the door, in a confidential whisper, to Rosalie*). Monsieur Chirac.

ROSALIE. Monsieur Chirac. *Je m'en fiche.*
Tell him to go.

LÉONIE. It is the nephew, not the uncle.

ROSALIE. Ah! In that case, I come at once.
Mademoiselle! (*She bows.*)

Exeunt Rosalie and Léonie, back.

Carlotta moves about, examining the room.

Enter Diaz, R.

DIAZ (*now quite calm and master of himself, but nervous*). You are not gone, then.

CARLOTTA (*cheerfully and naturally*). I was just wondering how long you'd leave me by myself.

DIAZ (*very gloomily*). What are you going to say to me?

CARLOTTA. What about ?

DIAZ (*picking up part of the broken article*). I nearly killed you.

CARLOTTA. Oh, you were really very wide indeed. Of course revolvers are dangerous. The man who invented them was extremely ill-advised. But there they are, and sometimes, I suppose, they will insist on going off by accident.

DIAZ. Accident ? But I said I should kill you.

CARLOTTA. Did you ? You never meant it.

DIAZ (*with emotion*). I assure you I didn't.

CARLOTTA. I want no assurance.

DIAZ. When I suddenly began to remember who you were—it came over me all at once—I didn't know what I was doing. I couldn't even feel the revolver in my hand.

CARLOTTA. What was it made you remember me in the end ? (*She sits.*)

DIAZ. Ah ! Perhaps it was your carelessness about yourself.

CARLOTTA. Carelessness about myself ?

DIAZ. You didn't seem to mind at all what the consequences would be to *you* if I shot you. You were only concerned about the unpleasant results to *me*.

CARLOTTA. Don't let's talk any more about that accident. It's over.

DIAZ. Why did you come to see me ?

CARLOTTA. I've told you. I knew you were—lonely. And I thought perhaps I might be able to help you. I started off the very day I heard. You see, I was quite free. I'd no ties—no ties whatever. So I just came at once—and found you.

DIAZ. It's too late.

CARLOTTA. It's not too late until one of us is dead.

DIAZ. Ah, Magdalen, what made you run away like that—in the night ? No trace ! Nothing ! It was terrible for me. I was in love with you. I couldn't believe you'd vanished altogether. For months afterwards I expected to

hear from you. But not a word. And what could I do? I didn't know where you lived, or even your name. I didn't know anything about you except that you were wonderful, unique. Then at last I gave up. . . .

CARLOTTA. Forgive me. I alone was the sinner. I had too much pride and not enough faith. I was afraid of my miracle. I was a coward. I did well to call myself Magdalen!

DIAZ. Then that's not your name? I always knew it wasn't. Why did you call yourself Magdalen? (Carlotta *shakes her head to signify that she doesn't know.*) What am I to call you?

CARLOTTA. My name is Carlotta Peel.

DIAZ (*startled*). What! Are you—— (*Stops.*)

CARLOTTA. Oh no! . . . At least not for you. Only for the public. Please don't speak of my books. For you I will be the woman and nothing else. I've come back—(*with meaning*) exactly as I left you. Forgive me. I know that everything might have been different if I'd had faith. But forgive me.

DIAZ (*springing forward, and dropping on one*

knee at her feet). I? Forgive you? Do not destroy me with your generosity. (*Bares his arm and shows it to her.*) Look! Look!

CARLOTTA (*gazing at the arm*). Have you hurt yourself?

DIAZ. Yes, I've hurt myself. Those are the marks of the morphine needle. . . . Wounds. . . . Scores, hundreds of them! That's the latest. (*Pointing.*) I was simply telling you a lie when I said I never took morphine. See this room. This is where I live. This is what I've come to! I've not touched a piano for months. I have no piano. Think how I received you, how I raved—yet I believed every word while I was saying it. I needn't explain. You understand. Look at my clothes! Look at my face! Look at my eyes! I've never confessed to anybody before. But I confess to you. I must. I wouldn't deceive you. I'm the result of morphine!

CARLOTTA (*with an assisting gesture, persuading him to rise*). It was not your fault.

DIAZ. What do you mean—it wasn't my fault? (*He sits.*)

CARLOTTA. You first took it under the advice of a doctor, after you'd been very ill.

DIAZ. Do you remember me telling you—that night? Yes, *that's* true enough. And you know, it's a wonderful thing, morphine is. The effect of it is almost instantaneous. A single prick, that's all. One moment you're on the rack and in the most appalling torture, and the next moment you're off the rack and you haven't a pain left, and you feel equal to anything. It's an absolutely marvellous thing.

CARLOTTA. Only it has other consequences.

DIAZ (*reflective*). Yes.

CARLOTTA (*intimately*). D'you know—it's very nice of you to talk to me as you are doing. I like it awfully. (*Casually.*) Now what I don't understand is, why you keep on taking the stuff. I suppose you could give it up if you wanted to.

DIAZ (*with assurance*). Of course I could. I could give it up to-morrow—any time.

CARLOTTA. Then why don't you?

DIAZ (*judicially*). To tell you the truth, for me to give it up would be a mistake. It's necessary to my health, and when I say health I include mental health. I have given it up, more than once. But I have been obliged to take to it

again. When you came to-day, I had abstained for a long time. Think of the state I was in! Anything might have happened if I had not had the presence of mind to go instantly and give myself an injection. You must admit there was no alternative.

CARLOTTA. I won't admit it.

DIAZ. That's because you're a woman.

CARLOTTA (*firmly*). Yes, it is because I'm a woman. You live alone. You've always lived alone. It has been morphine or nothing. But I am here now, and I am the alternative. I will be your morphine. (*Softly*.) What do you say?

DIAZ (*after a pause, breaking down*). Don't! Don't! I'm telling you a lie when I say I can give it up. It's only boasting. I've got Crother's book on morphine. I know it by heart. I know the last delusion of the morphine-taker is that he can give it up whenever he chooses. I can't give it up. I've failed over and over again. I'm the victim. I'm hopeless. Thank heaven I still have money, and I can finish my life in comfort.

CARLOTTA. Then if you won't let me take the

place of your morphine, morphine and I will share you between us.

DIAZ. What do you mean ?

CARLOTTA. Just that. (*Stands.*) Will you turn me out ?

DIAZ. You don't realize——

CARLOTTA. Realize ? I perfectly realize. I realize I left you because I was a coward. I realize I've come back. I realize that once you were one of the finest artists in the world, and that every pleasure and every delight was yours for the asking, and that there was no power greater than your power. (*With restrained scorn.*) And I realize that now you're a victim ; you're broken ; you're helpless ; you've no future. Instead of exerting power, you're a slave, and your master is a drug, a miserable drop of something or other in a glass tube. I realize that you'll get worse and worse, and that in time you'll become almost obscene. I realize that I shall have to watch all this, and that you'll deceive me with odious little fibs and thumping lies, and make me frightfully unhappy, and ill-treat me, and rave at me, and make horrid accusations against me, and I realize that in the end you'll die and I shall

bury you, and all the newspapers will remember you, rather contemptuously, for just one day, and then forget you for ever. That's what I realize. Is it enough ?

DIAZ. Why do you scorn me ?

CARLOTTA. I don't scorn you. You scorn yourself. I'm only showing you how well I realize what that self-scorn will lead to.

DIAZ. You're an angel, but you're a devil too.

CARLOTTA. I'm neither an angel nor a devil. I'm the girl you took and transformed into a woman. You said you loved her.

DIAZ (*still seated*). Magdalen, go away. It's no use. I could never face the public again.

CARLOTTA. And why not ?

DIAZ. People would laugh.

CARLOTTA. Nobody would laugh. The public is the faithfulest thing on earth. You were born a great artist and you'll always be one. You'll die a great artist if you die in a ditch. The rest is nothing but practice. You'll say you're

out of practice. Well, you would get into practice, that's all. You'd make your reappearance after a long illness, and your reappearance would be the most distinguished musical event that ever happened. People would stand out in the street all night to be sure of hearing you. When you came on to the platform the applause would be tremendous. It would unnerve you. But you'd get over that, and in half an hour you'd be—Diaz again !

DIAZ. Ah ! But the months and months and months it would take. And in the meantime I should have to live. Magdalen, I've not come to the end of my lying. I said I had money. I haven't. It's all gone. I've come to the end of my resources.

CARLOTTA. You aren't at the end of mine.

DIAZ. I couldn't live on a woman.

CARLOTTA (*angrily*). If you expect me to answer that sort of silly sentimentalism you're mistaken. Why couldn't you live on a woman ? (*More gently*.) Surely when it's a question of a career——

DIAZ. And *your* career. What would happen to that ?

CARLOTTA. You are *my* career.

DIAZ (*in a new tone*). Magdalen, be honest with me. Do you really believe I could be cured? Really? (*Stops her as she begins to speak.*) Now be careful. Look me in the face. Do you really believe I could be cured?

CARLOTTA. I do. It's my religion. I know you can be cured. You talk about Crother's book. I've read Crother's book too. I once wrote a short story about morphine. The idea came into my head the very night you and I met, but I didn't use it for years. Of course you can be cured. Crother definitely states it. Hundreds have been cured. You are going to be cured. . . . You are going to cure yourself.

DIAZ (*with resolution, rising*). I will. (*Carlotta holds out her hand, which he takes.*) But you aren't going to leave me?

CARLOTTA (*quietly*). Don't I belong to you? And don't you belong to me? You took me, but I also took you. You're mine. Come with me.

DIAZ. Come? Where?

CARLOTTA. Come away. Away from here.
(*Picking up her gloves.*)

DIAZ. Now ? I can't come now.

CARLOTTA (*persuasively and naturally*). Why not ? There's your hat. You don't want anything else. We'll buy everything. We're going to begin again.

DIAZ. But I've got a few belongings here.

CARLOTTA. Have you got the key of the flat in your pocket ?

DIAZ (*as if hypnotized*). Yes.

CARLOTTA. Then we'll send for the belongings. (*Siren-like.*) Come with me. (*She takes his hat, which is hanging behind the inner door, gives it to him, opens the door and holds it open for him.*)

DIAZ (*moving back a little*). I must say good-bye to some friends on this floor. It won't take a moment.

CARLOTTA. No, no ! (*Pause. Then gently.*) We haven't that moment to spare, Emilio. And

you're mine. (*Diaz approaches her.*) Aren't you going to kiss me before we leave ?

DIAZ (*seizing her arms*). I dared not.

CARLOTTA. Then who will dare if the master will not dare ?

DIAZ. Here, in this horrible room ?

CARLOTTA. Where else ? Here I found you.

He kisses her. She returns his kiss with passion.

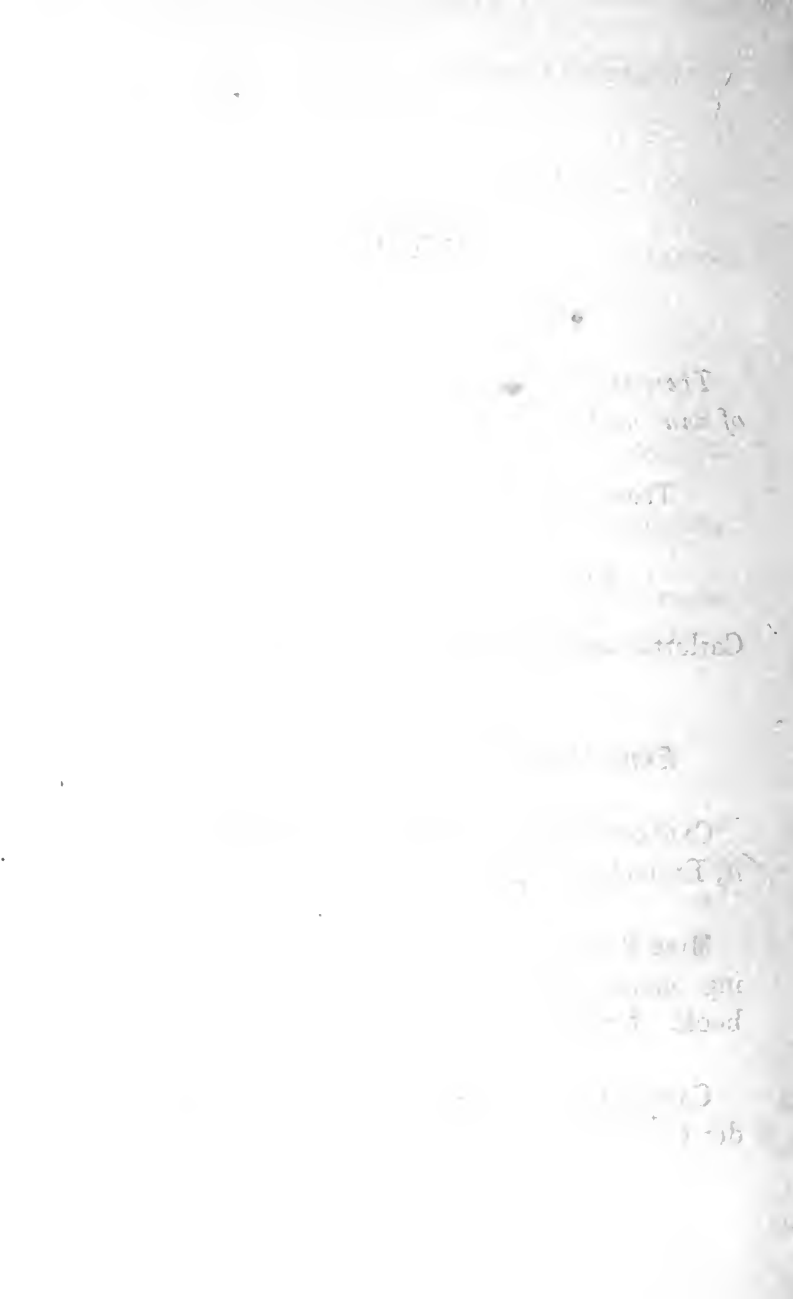
CARLOTTA (*in Diaz's arms*). Good-bye, room. We shall never see you again. (*Looking at Diaz.*) Oh, I feel so weak !

DIAZ. You've given your strength to me.

Carlotta releases and stiffens herself, and with a firm gesture opens the outer door. At a sign from her Diaz goes out. She follows, and shuts the door behind her.

CURTAIN.

ACT IV



ACT IV

Same scene as Act II.

There is a small tray, with a glass and a decanter of wine on the piano.

TIME : *Between eight and nine at night.*

Fourteen months have elapsed.

Carlotta, in evening dress, with cloak, is putting on her gloves.

Enter Miss Palmer, L., with a telegram.

CARLOTTA (*nervous, controlling herself*). Open it, Emmeline.

MISS PALMER. Reply paid. (*Reading.*) ‘Awaiting answer as to proposed contract for new book. Urgent. Snyder.’

CARLOTTA. Why doesn’t he telephone, I wonder ?

MISS PALMER. You know they haven't connected us up again yet.

CARLOTTA. Of course not. I was forgetting.

MISS PALMER. What am I to say ?

CARLOTTA. Oh ! Say 'Regret cannot make any contract at present. Writing.'

MISS PALMER (*patiently, protesting*). Really ? You know you've never had such terms offered before. And Mr. Snyder must think it's very important, or he wouldn't have telegraphed so late. I expect he wants to catch the American mail to-morrow morning. He'll be disappointed.

CARLOTTA. Well, he must bravely force back his tears, that's all.

MISS PALMER. But——

CARLOTTA. Emmeline, how tiresome you are ! For over a year I haven't had one single ghost of an idea for a novel. You seem to think I ought to be a machine for providing Mr. Snyder with ten per cent.

Enter Diaz, R., in evening dress.

MISS PALMER. Very good. (*She writes on the telegraph form at the piano. While writing.*) Mr. Diaz, the wine is there.

DIAZ. No, thanks. (*With determined gaiety.*) And who is Mr. Snyder ?

CARLOTTA. He's my agent.

DIAZ. Agent ?

CARLOTTA. He looks after all my book contracts for me.

DIAZ (*nonchalantly*). Oh, I thought only music-hall artistes and people like me had to employ agents.

Enter Snape, R., in evening dress, with overcoat ; hat in hand.

SNAPE (*with suppressed excitement*). The car's waiting.

DIAZ (*calmly*). Let it wait.

SNAPE (*looking at his watch*). Eight-ten. Concert begun.

DIAZ. Snape, are you getting nervous in your old age? I should have thought the sight of those young virgins waiting outside the upper circle entrance at three o'clock this afternoon ought to have set you up for the rest of the day. (*Laughing easily.*) Such a thing's never been known at a Philharmonic concert before, I imagine.

Miss Palmer *rings the bell.*

SNAPE (*complying with Diaz's mood*). Yes, there will be no spots on the audience. I've just been up there. Not room for another soul.

DIAZ. I hope they'll find a corner for me. (*Snape laughs obsequiously.*)

CARLOTTA (*tactfully*). Perhaps we *had* better be going.

DIAZ (*still lightly*). Now please do let it be generally understood—there's no chance of me being wanted before 8.45, and I have a most particular objection to waiting about in the artistes' room. (*Enter Parlourmaid, R. Diaz continues, as if addressing the company, including the hypnotized Parlourmaid.*) I don't quite know what's the matter with everybody. I'm making

my reappearance at a Philharmonic concert, than which nothing, even in heaven, could be more respectable. I'm playing Beethoven's Emperor Concerto, because that is the latest piece of pianoforte music that the Philharmonic Society has ever really cared for. All the musical mummies in London, including the arch-mummies Sir Emil and Lady Steinberg, have crawled out of their coffins to hear me, and my intention is to put the fear of God into them. It won't be very difficult, and nobody need worry the least bit in the world. (*To the Parlourmaid, comically.*) And you ?

PARLOURMAID. The bell rang, sir.

MISS PALMER (*who during the foregoing speech has copied the telegram into her notebook*). Please give this to the telegraph-boy.

Exit Parlourmaid.

DIAZ (*to SNAPE*). By the way, did you write to the *Mercury* and refuse that interview ?

SNAPE (*taken aback and recovering*). I will do.

MISS PALMER. Can I do it for you, Mr. Diaz ?

SNAPE (*jealous*). I'll see to it. I've not forgotten it.

DIAZ (*teasingly*). Look here, Snape, you'd better go down and cool your heated brow in the car. (*Exit* Snape, *R.* Diaz *continues*, to Carlotta.) It's a lucky thing for the esteemed Snape that I've put him on his legs again. He's aged. He's not the imperturbable paragon he used to be.

CARLOTTA (*tearing a glove ; with a nervous movement*). Oh dear ! Emmeline, do run and get me another pair. You know where they are, don't you ?

Exit Miss Palmer, *L.*, *swiftly but calmly*.

DIAZ (*looking at his photograph on the piano*). Darling—a boon !

CARLOTTA. Yes ?

DIAZ (*with great persuasiveness*). Do you specially want that photograph there ? (*Pause. He goes on, feigning a childlike pout*). I do so dislike seeing my own portrait about.

CARLOTTA. It's been just where it is ever since I took this flat. (*A silence.*) I'll have it moved.

(*He kisses her.*) I'm sorry to keep you waiting.
(*She drags off a glove.*)

DIAZ. But you aren't. D'you know, I almost wish you weren't coming.

CARLOTTA (*struck*). Why?

DIAZ. I'm not nervous, but you might make me nervous.

CARLOTTA. Me! I—I thought you needed me. Don't you remember——

DIAZ. I was very much all right at the rehearsal this morning, and rehearsals are apt to be ticklish things. . . . You see, I oughtn't to count always on you. I've got to be independent.

CARLOTTA. But *to-night*—! (*A silence.*) Yes, I quite see. I won't go. I hadn't thought of it like that. (*A silence.*) You'll come back to me instantly you've played?

DIAZ. Two minutes in the car. (*Looking at the clock.*) In an hour—much less than an hour—I shall be here again. (*Picks up his hat and over-*

coat.) Well—I'll go down and put Snape out of his misery.

CARLOTTA (*embracing him fondly ; in a whisper*).
I can't stop my heart from going with you.

Exit Diaz, R. Carlotta removes her cloak, and sits down. Enter Miss Palmer, with gloves.

MISS PALMER. Here they are.

CARLOTTA. So sorry ! I shan't want them now. I'm not going.

MISS PALMER (*calmly surprised*). Not to the concert ?

CARLOTTA. No. I don't feel equal to it.

MISS PALMER. Mr. Diaz has gone ?

CARLOTTA. Yes.

MISS PALMER. Have you got a headache ?

CARLOTTA. No.

MISS PALMER. Well, in that case can you give me a couple of minutes ? Because there are one

or two little things that ought to be looked into. I hate to trouble you, but——

CARLOTTA. Certainly, what is it? It's been such a rush since I came back.

MISS PALMER. I don't believe in putting off.

CARLOTTA. Neither do I. But I haven't been here a week yet.

MISS PALMER. Eight days.

CARLOTTA. All right. Eight days.

MISS PALMER. Finance.

CARLOTTA. Well, finance.

MISS PALMER (*taking slip from notebook*). Here's the total of what I've spent at the flat during the fourteen months you've been away. Including wages, but of course not including my salary or the rent.

CARLOTTA (*refusing the offered slip*). How much is it?

MISS PALMER. One forty-nine—eleven—six.

CARLOTTA. Miraculous Emmeline! I hope you don't want me to praise your economy—because words simply will not do it.

MISS PALMER. I only want you to understand clearly that if the bank balance is very low, it's not my fault in any way.

CARLOTTA. So the bank balance is very low.

MISS PALMER. I told you this morning what it was. You see, while you've been away (*glancing at book*) you've apparently spent——

CARLOTTA (*with humorous mock solemnity, hiding her state of nerves*). Emmeline, do you want to hear a piercing shriek? Because if you don't, don't exasperate me with any more figures.

MISS PALMER (*quite calmly*). Very well. But what are you going to do? There's practically nothing coming in from books. Mr. Snyder thought Ispenlove's last account was very disappointing, and the next will be worse.

CARLOTTA (*who has risen and put Diaz's portrait in a drawer and sat down again*). Have you heard how Mrs. Ispenlove is lately?

MISS PALMER (*surprised*). Me! Mrs. Ispenlove! No, why should I hear?

CARLOTTA. Mrs. Ispenlove hasn't called by any chance, since I came back?

MISS PALMER. No. (*With a certain emphasis.*) Nobody's called. As I was saying, there's nothing coming in from your books, and you won't make a contract for a new novel.

CARLOTTA. What about my private income? It used to keep up a household larger than this in the Five Towns.

MISS PALMER. Oh, I've no doubt. But the Five Towns isn't London. Seven hundred a year or a trifle under won't go far in these mansions.

CARLOTTA. Well, I must sell a security.

MISS PALMER. Thank you. I merely wished for instructions. (*Beginning again.*) Now, I've found out already that the new cook is very extravagant.

CARLOTTA. She's worse than that. She's narrow-minded. *Sauté* potatoes six times in three days seems to me almost bigoted.

MISS PALMER. And as the housemaid hinted to me to-night that the parlourmaid intends to give notice to-morrow, I think you might as well get rid of the lot at the end of the fortnight. There's nothing like a clean sweep.

CARLOTTA. Oh, I rather liked the parlourmaid. What's her grievance?

MISS PALMER. It seems she says she understood you were a single lady.

CARLOTTA. The housemaid told you that?

MISS PALMER. Yes.

CARLOTTA. And what did you say to the housemaid?

MISS PALMER. I didn't say anything. I should never think of discussing you with anybody—much less servants.

CARLOTTA. And that's all?

MISS PALMER. Yes. It seems she keeps on saying every morning while she's brushing Mr. Diaz's clothes that she understood you were a single lady.

CARLOTTA. Ah ! But I'm not ! I'm not !

MISS PALMER (*quite calmly*). Then that was my mistake. I told her you were. I'd no idea you'd got married while you were away.

CARLOTTA. I haven't got married, and I'm not single. I never considered your feelings when I brought Mr. Diaz to this flat.

MISS PALMER. Miss Peel, we know what servants are, of course, but I hope you don't imagine I'm like them.

CARLOTTA. But what do *you* think of it all ?

MISS PALMER. I think it's no business of mine. I've always been quite happy with you.

CARLOTTA. Have you ever been in love ?

MISS PALMER. No.

CARLOTTA. Will you ever be ?

MISS PALMER. I don't expect to be. But of course one can't answer for the future.

CARLOTTA. Emmeline, I could shake you ! I

could tear you to pieces ! (Miss Palmer *hooks the notebook to her belt.*) I wonder whether it's better to be a woman like you or to be a woman like me.

MISS PALMER. I really don't know. There's a good deal to be said on both sides.

CARLOTTA. Don't you comprehend I'm in agony to-night ?

MISS PALMER. I know you're very upset, and I wish I could do something, but I don't exactly see what.

CARLOTTA. I was obliged to bring Mr. Diaz here ! He's been very, very ill. I've nursed him. Not a physical illness—worse.

MISS PALMER. Yes.

CARLOTTA. He's cured. At least I think he's cured, but everything depends on to-night ! Everything ! If he has a success, a big success, all is well. If he doesn't— ! And I'm sitting here ! He wouldn't let me go with him. He daren't ! He daren't ! Of course he seemed very cool and cheerful to you, but it was all pretence. *I know what he felt like. (She shudders.)* At the last moment he daren't let me go with

him. And so here I am—and in a few minutes he'll be playing. He's probably playing now.

MISS PALMER. Then you'll soon know.

CARLOTTA (*standing up*). Emmeline, you must go to the concert—this instant.

MISS PALMER. But I'm not dressed.

CARLOTTA. Put on my cloak and keep it on. Here's the ticket. Take a taxi. No, you mustn't have my cloak. (*Snatching it away from her.*) He might think it was me. You've got one of your own. The very moment the applause is finished drive back and tell me. You'll get here first, and then if it's not a success I shall know what to say to him when he comes. I *must* know how it went before he has to tell me! I must! And I can rely on you, can't I, not to come home with a fairy-tale.

MISS PALMER (*quite calmly*). Most decidedly.

Exit Miss Palmer, R. The door remains open and conversation is heard. Re-enter Miss Palmer.

MISS PALMER. Here's a lady wants to see Mr. Diaz.

CARLOTTA. Now please don't waste time standing there.

MISS PALMER. But——

CARLOTTA (*scarcely able to control herself*). Oh! Tell her to come in here. I'll settle it.

MISS PALMER (*to Parlourmaid, off, as she herself disappears*). Show the lady in, please.

Exit Miss Palmer, R. Enter Rosalie, R.

ROSALIE (*startled*). It is you!

CARLOTTA (*equally startled, after a moment*). Yes. . . . But didn't you expect to find me here?

ROSALIE (*stiffly*). No, mademoiselle. But I might have known it.

CARLOTTA (*stiffly*). What do you mean, madame—you might have known it?

ROSALIE. What I mean? In truth it is a little difficult—— (*Stops.*)

CARLOTTA. Will you sit down? This is my home. (*They sit.*)

ROSALIE. Ah ! In effect !

CARLOTTA. So you have come to London, madame ?

ROSALIE. Since three months, mademoiselle. My knowledge of English, all that I had heard of London, made me to think that perhaps London would have for me some advantages over Paris. And veritably, it was so.

CARLOTTA. And so you found out this address ?
(*With excessive smiling urbanity.*) How did you discover it ?

ROSALIE. Mademoiselle, it is perhaps best to be frank.

CARLOTTA. Always.

ROSALIE. Among my new friends there is a young musician—*violoniste*. He is mad about music—and about me. He makes part of the *orchestre* of Queen's Hall. He spoke of Diaz with enthusiasm. He was all excited. From what appears, Diaz is going to play with *orchestre* at Queen's Hall. I do not understand those things, but without doubt you know. It is a long time since I heard the name of Diaz. 'Well,'

I say to my *violoniste*, 'You have the address of Diaz?' 'Why?' he says. 'Does that regard you?' I say; and I say again, 'Have you the address of Diaz?' He says 'No.' 'You cannot have it for me?' I say. He says 'No.' 'Then you do not love me,' I say; 'and it is finished between you and me.' Then he has me the address within the twenty-four hours. How? I ask not. The address is here. I come to see my old friend.

CARLOTTA. He is not here.

ROSALIE. Where is he, mademoiselle?

CARLOTTA. He is playing at a concert.

ROSALIE. Then it is to-night? . . . At what hour will he return?

CARLOTTA. I do not know, madame.

ROSALIE. But he will return?

CARLOTTA. How can I tell, madame?

ROSALIE. But he inhabits here?

CARLOTTA. Madame, this flat is mine. I have lived here alone for a number of years.

ROSALIE. Nevertheless, at present you entertain Diaz here ?

CARLOTTA (*dropping her urbanity*). I must really protest. What has all this got to do with you ? I don't know you.

ROSALIE (*rising, angry, and losing her self-control*). How ! You do not know me ? What this has to do with me ? But it has everything to do with me. I know Monsieur Diaz in Paris. He is poor. He has a vice. He is not celebrated. Or if he is celebrated I do not know it. While loving him, I am also his mother. I find for him a home. I pay the rent. I give him often food. Yes, and I give him also money. I give him of the money which I have received from others. Why do I thus act ? It is because I am mad about him, as the *violoniste* about me. If Diaz had been rich I should have had no others. I should have given myself entirely to him. It was my dream. But he was poor. It is necessary to live. And so—there were others. Then—you arrive. I suspect nothing. I was sure of Diaz, quite sure. Besides, I liked you. You were *sympathique* to me. You recall to yourself our interview. . . . One called me away. The exigencies of the profession—what would you ? I return. Gone ! I ask the *concierge*. No

word ! That night—nothing ! Next day—nothing ! I wait. Nothing ! Nothing ! Vanished ! Disappeared ! I resign myself—what would you ? But I had the heart torn. Then after a year, more than a year, I am in London and one tells me the name of Diaz. After all, he is celebrated. I go to find him. It is you that I find. Naturally it is you that I find ! I ought to have known it, but truly I am too simple. I put questions to you about Diaz, and you reply—what has it to do with me ?

CARLOTTA. Madame, I assure you——

ROSALIE. You steal what is mine, and then you permit yourself to protest against my curiosity. You are a woman of society. There are some who would call me *cocotte*. *Eh, bien !* I like better to be that than *femme du monde*. All we others say the same thing, and we are right.

CARLOTTA. Will you listen to me, please.

ROSALIE. You are with him ? Say.

CARLOTTA. I have never left him from that day to this.

ROSALIE. He could not have forgotten me.

He was not capable of an infamy. Therefore he wrote to me, and you, who never left him, suppressed his letters. And since he received no answer from me, he said to himself, 'She is only a *cocotte*. She forgets quickly'—I who was mad about him. Is it not true you suppressed his letters ?

CARLOTTA. I did what you would have done in my place.

ROSALIE. Ah ! (*Rather at a loss.*) You believe that ? You——

CARLOTTA. Will you please listen ?

ROSALIE (*sitting*). It seems to me that I do nothing else.

CARLOTTA. You said to me in Paris that he could not be cured.

ROSALIE. Of the morphine ? And I say it again. He could not. Never !

CARLOTTA. So you still think so. Well, he is cured.

ROSALIE. You make illusions for yourself.

CARLOTTA. Nevertheless, he is cured—absolutely.

ROSALIE. And how ?

CARLOTTA. He cured himself.

ROSALIE. Tell that to another.

CARLOTTA. If you prefer it, I cured him. From that day when I saw you, to this, he has never had morphine.

ROSALIE. How do you know ?

CARLOTTA (*quietly confident*). You may believe me.

ROSALIE. But how do you know ? You said you never left him. What did you mean ?

CARLOTTA. For the first three months he was never out of my sight, night or day. You understand—never.

ROSALIE. But it must have been formidable—(*pronouncing in the French way the second time*) formidable !

CARLOTTA. Possibly.

ROSALIE. Tell me ! Tell me the details of it ! That interests me enormously, passionately.

CARLOTTA (*shaking her head*). No. I shall never tell anybody.

ROSALIE. But I can imagine it to myself. The frightful scenes ! The terror ! The vileness ! The humiliations ! Ah ! The humiliations ! . . . You locked the door. He would dispute to you the key. He would fight. He would beat you, screaming. (*A pause. Carlotta looks at her steadily.*) But did you not give him a little dose, a very little dose at the commencement ? And then less and less ?

CARLOTTA. No, I did not.

ROSALIE. Did you not deceive him with injections of water ? It is the customary method.

CARLOTTA. No, I did not.

ROSALIE. *Eh bien*, there is no need to tell me. I know something of all that, myself. It must have been revolting, horrible !

CARLOTTA. It succeeded.

ROSALIE (*gently*). Who knows ?

CARLOTTA (*matter-of-fact*). I know. He plays now better than ever he played. No, he could not do that. But he plays as well as ever he played—and he was the greatest pianist in the world. The rehearsals have been splendid. To-night he takes up his career again. To-morrow morning all the newspapers in London, Paris, New York, Chicago, Berlin, Boston—they will be talking about him. At this very moment he is playing.

ROSALIE. And you are here ? You are not at the concert ?

CARLOTTA. No, I didn't go to the concert.

ROSALIE. You didn't go ! Oh, England—what an island ! What an island !

CARLOTTA. Now I've explained to you, madame, I hope——

ROSALIE. Pardon me, mademoiselle, there remains a mystery. When I had the pleasure to meet you in Paris, you told me then that you had not seen Diaz since many years. It could not have been the truth.

CARLOTTA. Yes, it was quite true. Seven years. Eight years.

ROSALIE. Then there had been letters.

CARLOTTA. No. Nothing.

ROSALIE. What ! Nothing happens in eight years, and then suddenly you come, you take him away, in a quarter of an hour, and you never leave him ? Not possible !

CARLOTTA. Madame, it is quite simple. When I was a young girl I gave myself to him, and the next day I left him—because I lacked faith. It was a mistake. It was a crime. All his misfortunes came after that. When I met him again, I was determined not to make the same error. I owed him my confidence, and I gave it. I took care not to lack faith a second time. You did not believe that he could be cured ; but I believed.

ROSALIE. I begin to suspect that after all you Englishwomen comprehend love—what it is.

CARLOTTA (*with an appeal*). Let me beg you—I feel sure you are good-natured——

ROSALIE (*curtly*). No! No compliments, please. . . . I will go. I go now. I leave him to you. (*Rising.*)

CARLOTTA (*rising eagerly*). Yes, I knew you were good-natured.

ROSALIE (*harshly*). But I do it not for you. Ah, no! I do it for him.

CARLOTTA. We're alike in that. What I have done was for him.

ROSALIE. But you have not given him up. You keep him.

CARLOTTA. Yes, that's true. It just happens so.

ROSALIE. It also happens that my society would not be very good for him. I will hide nothing from you, mademoiselle—I too have taken to morphine in my turn. What would you?

CARLOTTA. Oh, I *am* so sorry.

ROSALIE. Why? I like it. I adore it. It is my luxury. Never would I permit myself to be

cured ! Ah ! Cured of that ? No ! . . . Mademoiselle, will you tell him that I have not forgotten him ? (Carlotta *looks at her*.) No, do not tell him. Possibly I flatter myself, but it might disturb him. Adieu, mademoiselle. (*She turns away.*)

CARLOTTA. Madame, before you go, how is your little boy ? He must be getting quite big.

ROSALIE (*facing her*). He is dead—since four months.

CARLOTTA. Dead ?

ROSALIE. Do not regard me like that. I wear no mourning because we others must not wear mourning. It is necessary to live and to be gay.

CARLOTTA. Madame !

ROSALIE (*savagely*). Do you think that if my little boy had not died I would have given you Diaz ? Never. I gave him to you only because my spirit is broken. (*Weakly.*) Life is unjust. What have I done ? Everybody will tell you that I am a good girl. Good-bye ! (*She hurries out R., crying.*)

Exit Carlotta, R., following Rosalie.

Enter Snape, L., with slow, rather agitated diffidence. He looks about.

Re-enter Carlotta, R., weakly. At sight of Snape she becomes alert and braces herself.

CARLOTTA (*highly nervous and apprehensive*).
What is the matter ? What are you doing here,
Mr. Snape ?

SNAPE. I hardly know.

CARLOTTA. Why are you always so mysterious ?

SNAPE (*simply and gently*). But I'm not
mysterious, Miss Peel. I wandered in.

CARLOTTA. You didn't come in by the front
door. I've just been there.

SNAPE. Yes, I came in by the front door
about three minutes ago, but I went round
into the boudoir because I heard voices in this
room.

CARLOTTA. But why in God's name aren't you
at the concert ?

Snape. That's just what I thought I'd better tell you. . . . He sent me away.

Carlotta. What do you mean—he sent you away? Did he tell you to come back here?

Snape. He didn't tell me to go anywhere. When we got to the hall we found the programme was late. . . . I don't know why. . . . The conductor had just come into the artistes' room to fetch What's-her-name, the soprano. He was in a hurry, and he told Mr. Diaz the concerto wouldn't be on for half an hour. Mr. Diaz was very angry. He said he would *not* wait. He said the order of the programme must be changed. . . . Well, it was! The soprano had to give way, and the Casse-Noisette had to give way, and the conductor went on to the platform to make an explanation. . . . Our friend—followed him. . . . Nerves . . . of course.

Carlotta. But I never heard of such a thing.

Snape. Oh, I've *heard* of such a thing, but I never actually saw it before.

Carlotta. And couldn't you use your influence?

SNAPE. I did what I could. . . . But I was only cursed for having insisted on getting there too early. I reasoned. I protested. . . . At last he said: 'Leave the hall, Snape. Leave it altogether.' He was furious. He shook.

CARLOTTA (*sarcastically*). And you obeyed.

SNAPE. I am not the man I was. I had appalling scenes with our friend before he dismissed me some years ago. And since then—! (*A gesture.*) What could I do? I wandered here.

CARLOTTA. But if he was in such a state he can't possibly do himself justice! He can't possibly!

SNAPE. He cannot.

CARLOTTA. I ought to have gone with him and stayed in the artistes' room.

SNAPE. Assuredly.

CARLOTTA. But then he didn't want me to go with him, and if I'd insisted it would have made him worse.

SNAPE. Assuredly.

CARLOTTA (*with sudden decision, putting on her cloak*). I must go to him. I must go to him. If he has left the hall before I get there I shall come back here immediately. You stay where you are.

SNAPE. I prefer that.

As Carlotta goes towards the door, enter Miss Palmer, R.

CARLOTTA. Well ?

MISS PALMER. It's all over.

CARLOTTA. How did he play ?

MISS PALMER. I didn't hear him.

CARLOTTA. Didn't hear him ?

MISS PALMER. It had begun before I got there, and the doorkeeper wouldn't let anybody into the auditorium till it was finished. You know how they are. So I stood outside and looked through the glass. I could hear the orchestra, of course—it was very noisy indeed—

but scarcely anything of the piano. (*Quietly taking her gloves off.*) As soon as it was finished they let me in.

CARLOTTA. But the applause ?

MISS PALMER. Enthusiastic. Very enthusiastic.

CARLOTTA. Terrific ?

MISS PALMER (*calmly*). Yes, I suppose it was. Mr. Diaz kept walking off and coming on again, and shaking his head.

CARLOTTA. But didn't he smile ?

MISS PALMER. I really couldn't tell you.

CARLOTTA. But surely you must have seen.

MISS PALMER. There was so much excitement. A lot of people—women—standing round the platform, cheering, and so on.

CARLOTTA. Did they get on to the platform ?

MISS PALMER. No—it was too high. Then Lady Steinberg pushed past me. She said to some one that she was going to the artistes' room.

SNAPE. That settles it. (*He tries to perform a pirouette.*)

CARLOTTA. Was there an encore ?

MISS PALMER. I don't know. When I came away Mr. Diaz was still walking off and coming on again and shaking his head. You told me to come back as quickly as I could, didn't you ? (*She moves away, L.*)

CARLOTTA. Where are you going ?

MISS PALMER. I'm just going to put the cover on the parrot's cage before I forget. Everything's so upset to-night. (*Exit, L.*)

CARLOTTA (*with a nervous laugh*). She's an angel, but one of these days she'll be the death of me.

SNAPE. Me too.

CARLOTTA. Then it was a tremendous success ?

SNAPE (*nodding gloriously several times*). Otherwise Lady Steinberg would never have left her seat. In—incredible man !

CARLOTTA. Go and look after him. Go and look after him.

Exit Snape *with celerity*, R. Carlotta, *with an inarticulate sound and a gesture of utter exhaustion, falls into an easy chair, and hides her face.*

Enter Diaz, R. *He comes in very quietly and calmly, with an eye on Carlotta. After a moment, as he approaches, she hears him and shows her face, without, however, changing her almost recumbent posture of exhaustion.*

DIAZ (*somewhat self-conscious*). Well, it's over—and it's all right. (*He drops his hat and muffler on a chair.*)

CARLOTTA (*somewhat self-conscious*). I knew it would be all right.

He bends down to kiss her, and as he does so she raises her face to his, and throws her arms round his neck.

DIAZ (*more naturally and freely*). They insisted on an encore.

CARLOTTA (*lightly*). What did you give?

DIAZ. I didn't give anything. I insisted they shouldn't have an encore. Why should they have an encore ?

CARLOTTA. But surely, darling——

DIAZ. The fact is (*with faint humour*), strictly between ourselves, I couldn't quite trust myself for an encore. I was afraid I might come to the end of my nerve before I came to the end of the encore. After all, I've been through something to-night.

CARLOTTA (*dreamily*). Yes. (*She takes his hand.*)

DIAZ. Everything was against me. A most ridiculous scene when I got into the artistes' room ! They wanted me to hang about for over half an hour. I wouldn't. Snape lost his head ; I had to send him away. I was angry. However, he was waiting on the landing, very apologetic, when I got out of the lift here just now, so I benevolently forgave him and he's gone home quite happy. . . . Yes, I'm glad now that I stuck to the Beethoven idea. Anyhow I've knocked on the head the silly notion that I can only play Chopin. I fancy I've thrown some new light on the Emperor Concerto for them.

And I must say they admitted it—handsomely, very handsomely.

CARLOTTA. Then it was a triumph.

DIAZ. It was as great a triumph as I've ever had.

CARLOTTA. Really ?

DIAZ. Really. I'm not in the slightest degree subject to any illusions about the effect of my own playing. I never have been, and I wasn't to-night. I always said the thing could be done. . . . Well, it's been done.

CARLOTTA. I do wish I'd been there.

DIAZ. So do I, in one way. And yet I'm glad you weren't. It was safer. I looked at your empty seat, and although you weren't in it, I could see you all the same.

Carlotta jumps up and kisses him.

DIAZ. You haven't taken your cloak off.

CARLOTTA. As far as that goes, you haven't taken your overcoat off.

DIAZ (*self-conscious again. The key of the scene changes*). No. I've got to go out again for a while.

CARLOTTA. Go out ? Now ?

DIAZ. Lady Steinberg's making a night of it. Reception or something. She came round and asked me to look in. In fact she wanted to carry me off with her there and then. However, I was determined to see you first, so I said I'd appear later on. I thought I'd better go. *You* understand what the Steinberg woman is in our business. No one can lift a finger in London without her. You see, more or less, everybody will be there, and if I show myself everybody'll know there's been no deception about to-night's affair. It will fix me definitely for the future. I expect I shan't be more than an hour or so. You don't mind, do you ?

CARLOTTA (*evenly*). Of course not.

DIAZ (*absently picking up his hat*). I could take you with me, but it might seem— (*With a gesture.*) You never know ! . . . I'm looking at it from your point of view.

CARLOTTA. Oh, I shouldn't dream of going. (*She takes off her cloak. He helps her.*)

DIAZ. Shall you be up when I come back ?

CARLOTTA (*sweetly*). I don't know. I may be. But I give no guarantee.

DIAZ (*casually*). Well—what about finding a plot for your new book ?

CARLOTTA. My new book ! What new book ?

DIAZ. Aren't you *ever* going to write another ? I shouldn't like you to drop novels altogether, my dearest. It wouldn't be good for you.

CARLOTTA. No, it wouldn't, would it ? I must rummage into my mind. I haven't looked into the dark corners of my mind for ever so long.

DIAZ (*smiling*). Do . . . Well——

He kisses her hand, and then picks up his hat. She gives a little wave to him. Exit Diaz, R. When he has gone, Carlotta falls forward with her head and arms on the piano. She is heard sobbing. Re-enter Diaz, R., quickly and rather noisily.

DIAZ. My muffler ! (*He stands still, then*

rushes to Carlotta.) Carline! (*He pulls her towards him and looks her in the face.*) What is it?

CARLOTTA (*limply, but mastering her tears, and making an effort to smile*). My poor boy! It's very wicked of you (*a sob*) to forget your muffler. (*She smiles for an instant comically.*)

DIAZ. Carline, you're upset because I'm leaving you alone. I'm most frightfully sorry, I am really, but I assure you——

CARLOTTA (*as before, putting her hand over his mouth, and gazing into his face*). No, no! I won't hear it. You're a g-g-great artist—again. And—g-g-great artists must not apologize. Don't you remember I said to you—that night—that artists like you were autocrats.

DIAZ. I remember, but I must confess my——

CARLOTTA (*as before, stopping his mouth again*). It is I who had better confess. I'm incorrigible. Nine years ago—the day after that night—I didn't trust you. I'd no faith. And now I find I've learnt nothing and I'm at it again.

DIAZ (*low*). At what?

CARLOTTA (*still between humour and emotion*). Not trusting you. You ought really to send me to a hospital for incurables. . . . I put the photograph away—and I thought I was putting the original away. I wanted to put myself away too (*sob*)—only the drawer was too small. And then when you told me not to go to the concert I thought, ‘He’s afraid of me becoming one of his—bad habits, and he’s trying to break himself.’ (*With her hand she again stops Diaz from speaking.*) And when you began to talk about my next novel I thought, ‘His idea is to find me a little gentle ladylike occupation so that the days won’t be too long for me and I shan’t worry him.’ And, and (*sob*) fourthly and lastly—when you rushed off to Lady Steinberg’s it seemed as if there’d been a competition between your career—and your Carlotta, and the career had got the first prize. I’d been backing it to beat the field for a year past, and yet when it won I felt quite—queer. Really, sometimes I’m just as irrational as a man. Have you noticed it? . . . Well, get your muffler and run off. I’ll wait. Darling, all my faith’s mysteriously come back. (*Diaz takes off his overcoat.*) What are you doing?

DIAM. I’m not going.

CARLOTTA. But you must. Be serious, my

poor boy. This isn't a play night. It's a work night.

DIAZ. I'm not going. And if all the future depended on it, I'm not going. (*Pause. He turns suddenly away from her.*) Carline, you must take something. You must drink to our marriage.

CARLOTTA. Our marriage ?

DIAZ. Till to-night—I could not suggest it, could I ?

CARLOTTA. I quite see that we can't continue to shock London indefinitely.

DIAZ (*at the table where the tray is*). There's only one glass.

CARLOTTA. Isn't it enough ?

DIAZ (*springing to her and seizing both her hands*). You ! . . . Do you imagine that I ever forget one thing ?

CARLOTTA. What ?

DIAZ. You see this man and this artist stand-

ing in front of you. . . . You created him. He's all yours.

CARLOTTA (*dropping her head on his shoulder, with significance*). He doesn't know his strength. (*Lightly.*) He's hurting my wrists dreadfully.

CURTAIN.

PRINTED AT THE COMPLETE PRESS
WEST NORWOOD, LONDON

ALPHABETICAL CATALOGUE OF BOOKS

IN

GENERAL LITERATURE AND FICTION

PUBLISHED BY

CHATTO & WINDUS

97 & 99 ST. MARTIN'S LANE

PERCY SPALDING,
ANDREW CHATTO,
C. H. C. PRENTICE,
C. F. M. TOZER.

Telegrams
Bookstore, London

LONDON, W.C. 2

Telephone No.
1624 Gerrard

ADAM (GEORGE).—Behind the
Scenes at the Front. With a Frontis-
piece. Demy 8vo, cloth, 6s. net.

ALLEN (GRANT), Books by.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net each.
Babylon. With 12 Illustrations.
Strange Stories.
The Beckoning Hand.
For Maimie's Sake.
Philistia.
The Devil's Die.
In all Shades.
Tents of Snem.
This Mortal Coil.
Dumaresq's Daughter.
Under Sealed Orders.
The Duchess of Powysland.
Blood Royal. The Great Taboo.
Ivan Greet's Masterpiece.
The Scallywag. With 24 Illustrations.
At Market Value.

The Tents of Shem. POPULAR
EDITION, medium 8vo, 9d. net.

ALEXANDER (Mrs.), Novels by.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net each.
Valerie's Fate. | **Mona's Choice.**
A Life Interest. | **Blind Fate.**
By Woman's Wit.
The Cost of her Pride.
A Golden Autumn.
Barbara, Lady's Maid & Peeress.
Mrs. Crichton's Creditor.
A Missing Hero.
A Fight with Fate.
The Step-mother.

ANTROBUS (C. L.), Novels by.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net each.
Quality Corner. | **Wildersmoor.**
The Wine of Finvarra.
The Stone Ezel.

ARCHER (WILLIAM). The
Pirate's Progress. Demy 8vo. Coloured
wrapper, 6d. net.

ART : A Critical Essay. By
CLIVE BELL. With 6 Illustrations.
Crown 8vo, buckram, 5s. net.

ARNOLD (E. L.), Stories by.
The Wonderful Adventures of
Phra the Phœnician. Crown 8vo,
cloth, with 12 Illusts. by H. M. PAGET,
3s. 6d. net.

The Constable of St. Nicholas.
With a Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, cloth,
3s. 6d. net.

ART and LETTERS LIBRARY

(The) Large crown 8vo. Each volume
with 8 Coloured Plates, and 24 in Half-
tone. Bound in cloth, 5s. net per vol.
EDITION DE LUXE, small 4to, printed on
pure rag paper, with additional Plates
parchment, 10s. 6d. net per vol.

Stories of the Italian Artists
from Vasari. Collected and arranged
by E. L. SEELEY.

**Artists of the Italian Renais-
sance:** their Stories as set forth by
Vasari, Ridolfi, Lanzi, and the Chroniclers.
Collected and arranged by E. L. SEELEY.

Stories of the Flemish and Dutch
Artists, from the Time of the Van
Eycks to the End of the Seventeenth
Century, drawn from Contemporary
Records. Collected and arranged by
VICTOR REYNOLDS.

Stories of the English Artists,
from Van Dyck to Turner (1600-1851).
Collected and arranged by RANDALL
DAVIES and CECIL HUNT.

Stories of the French Artists,
from Clouet to Delacroix. Collected and
arranged by P. M. TURNER and C. H.
COLLINS BAKER.

Stories of the Spanish Artists
until GOYA. By Sir WILLIAM STIRLING-
MAXWELL. Selected and arranged by
LUIS CARREÑO. With Introduction by
EDWARD HUTTON.

Stories of the German Artists.
By Prof. Dr. HANS W. SINGER.

The Little Flowers of S. Francis of
Assisi. Translated by Prof. T. W.
ARNOLD. With 8 Illustrations in Colour
and 24 in Half-tone.

ART & LETTERS LIBRARY—contd.
Of the Imitation of Christ. By THOMAS A KEMPIS. Translated by RICHARD WHYTFORD. With Historical Introduction by WILFRID RAYNAL, O.S.B., and 8 Reproductions in Colour and other decorations by W. RUSSELL FLINT.

The Confessions of Saint Augustine. Translated by Dr. E. B. PUSEY. Edited by TEMPLE SCOTT. With an Introduction by Mrs. MEYNELL, and 12 Plates in Colour by MAXWELL ARMFIELD.

The Master of Game: The Oldest English Book on Hunting. By EDWARD, Second Duke of York. Edited by W. A. and F. BAILLIE-GROHMAN. Introduction by THEODORE ROOSEVELT. Photogravure Frontispiece and 23 full-page Illustrations. Large crown 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d. net; parchment, 10s. 6d. net.

ARTEMUS WARD'S Works.
 Crown 8vo, cloth, with Portrait, 3s. 6d. net.

ARTIST (The Mind of the).
 Edited by Mrs. LAURENCE BINYON. With 8 Plates. Small cr. 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

ASHTON (JOHN).—Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne. With 85 Illusts. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

ATKINS (J. B.) and CYRIL IONIDES.—A Floating Home. The Log of a Thames Sailing Barge. With 8 Coloured Illustrations by Arnold Bennett. Fcap. 4to, cloth, 12s. 6d. net.

AUSTEN (JANE), The Works of, in Ten Volumes, each containing Ten Illustrations in Colour by A. WALLIS MILLS. With Notes by R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON. Post 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net per vol. The Novels are as follows: I. and II., PRIDE AND PREJUDICE; III. and IV., SENSE AND SENSIBILITY; V., NORTHANGER ABBEY; VI., PERSUASION; VII. and VIII., EMMA; IX. and X., MANSFIELD PARK.

AUTHORS for the POCKET.
 Choice Passages, mostly selected by A. H. HYATT. 16mo, cloth, 3s. net each; leather, 4s. 6d. net each

The Pocket R. L. S.
The Pocket George Borrow.
The Pocket Thackeray.
The Pocket Charles Dickens.
The Pocket Richard Jefferies.
The Pocket George MacDonald.
The Pocket Emerson.
The Pocket Thomas Hardy.
The Pocket George Eliot.
The Pocket Charles Kingsley.
The Pocket Lord Beaconsfield.
The Flower of the Mind.

AUZIAS - TURENNE (RAYMOND).—The Last of the Mammoth: A Romance. Cr. 8vo, cl., 3s. 6d. net.

AYSCOUGH (JOHN), Novels by.
 Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. net, each.

Jacqueline.
Hurdcott.
Faustula.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net each.

Prodigals and Sons.
Outsiders—and In.
Mezzogiorno.
Monksbridge.
Maroltz.

BAILLON (H. B.).—Robert Louis Stevenson: A Study. With 2 Portraits. Crown 8vo, buckram, 5s. net.

BALLADS and LYRICS of LOVE, selected from PERCY'S 'Reliques.' Edited with an Introduction by F. SIDGWICK. With 10 Plates in Colour after BYAM SHAW, R.I. Large fcap. 4to, cloth, 6s. net.

Legendary Ballads, selected from PERCY'S 'Reliques.' Edited with an Introduction by F. SIDGWICK. With 10 Plates in Colour after BYAM SHAW, R.I. Large fcap. 4to, cloth, 6s. net.

* * The above 2 volumes may also be had in the ST. MARTIN'S LIBRARY, post 8vo, cloth, 3s. net each; leather, gilt top, 4s. 6d. net each.

BARBELLION (W. N. P.).—The Journal of a Disappointed Man. With an Introduction by H. G. WELLS. Crown 8vo, 6s. net.

BARDSLEY (Rev. C. W.).—English Surnames: Their Sources and Significations. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 6s. net.

BARING-GOULD (S.), Novels by.
 Cr. 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net each; POPULAR EDITIONS, medium 8vo, 9d. net each.

Red Spider. | Eye.

BARR (ROBERT), Stories by.
 Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net each.

In a Steamer Chair. With 2 Illusts.
From Whose Bourne, &c. With 47 Illustrations by HAL HURST and others.

A Woman Intervenes.

A Prince of Good Fellows. With 15 Illustrations by E. J. SULLIVAN.

The Unchanging East.

The Speculations of John Steele.
 Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net; POPULAR EDITION, medium 8vo, 9d. net.

BARRETT (FRANK), Novels by.

Cr. 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net each.
Found Guilty. | **Folly Morrison.**
For Love and Honour.
Between Life and Death.
Fettered for Life.
A Missing Witness. With 8 Illusts.
The Woman of the Iron Bracelets.
The Harding Scandal.
A Prodigal's Progress.
Under a Strange Mask. 19 Illusts.
Was She Justified? | **Lady Judas.**
The Obliging Husband.
Perfidious Lydia. With Frontispiece.
The Error of Her Ways.
John Ford; and His Helpmate.

POPULAR EDITIONS. Medium 8vo, 9d. net each.
Fettered for Life.
Found Guilty.

BARRINGTON (MICHAEL),
The Knight of the Golden Sword.
 Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. net.

BASKERVILLE (JOHN). By
 RALPH STRAUS and R. K. DENT. With
 13 Plates. Quarto, buckram, 21s. net.

BAYEUX TAPESTRY, The Book
of the. By HILAIRE BELLOC. With 76
 facsimile Coloured Illustrations. Royal
 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d. net.

BEACONSFIELD, LORD. By T.
 P. O'CONNOR, M.P. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 5s. net.

The Pocket Beaconsfield. 16mo.
 cloth, 3s. net; leather gilt top, 4s. 6d.
 net.

BENNETT (ARNOLD), Novels
 by. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net each.

Leonora;
Teresa of Watling Street.
Tales of the Five Towns.
Hugo.
Sacred and Profane Love.
The Gates of Wrath.
The Ghost.
The City of Pleasure.
The Grand Babylon Hotel.

Leonora. POPULAR EDITION, 2s. net.

POPULAR EDITIONS, medium 8vo, 9d. net. each.

The Grand Babylon Hotel.
The City of Pleasure.
Hugo.
Sacred and Profane Love.
A Great Man.
Leonora.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s. net.

Books and Persons.

The Title. A Comedy in Three Acts.
 Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

See also under ATKINS (J. B.), p. 2.

BELL (CLIVE). Art : a Critical
Essay. With 6 Illustrations. Cr. 8vo,
 buckram, 5s. net.
Pot Bolders. Crown 8vo cloth, 6s. net.

BELLOC (HILAIRE). The Book
of the Bayeux Tapestry. With 76
 facsimile Coloured Illustrations. Royal
 8vo cloth, 10s. 6d. net.

BESANT and RICE, Novels by.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net each.

Ready-Money Mortiboy.
The Golden Butterfly.
My Little Girl.
With Harp and Crown.
This Son of Vulcan.
The Monks of Thelema.
By Cella's Arbour.
The Chaplain of the Fleet.
The Seamy Side.
The Case of Mr. Lucraft.
'Twas in Trafalgar's Bay.
The Ten Years' Tenant.

BESANT (Sir WALTER),
Novels by. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net
 each.

All Sorts and Conditions of Men.
 With 12 Illustrations by FRED. BARNARD.
The Captains' Room, &c.
All in a Garden Fair. With 6 Illus-
 trations by HARRY FURNISS.
Dorothy Forster. With Frontispiece.
Uncle Jack, and other Stories.
Children of Gibeon.
The World Went Very Well Then.
 With 12 Illustrations by A. FORESTIER.
Herr Paulus.
The Ball of St. Paul's.
For Faith and Freedom. With
 Illusts. by A. FORESTIER and F. WADDY.
To Call Her Mine, &c. With 9 Illusts.
The Holy Rose, &c. With Frontispiece.
Armored of Lyonesse. With 12 Illusts.
St. Katherine's by the Tower.
 With 12 Illustrations by C. GREEN.
Verbena Camella Stephanotis.
The Ivory Gate.
The Rebel Queen.
Beyond the Dreams of Avarice.
 With 12 Illustrations by W. H. HYDE.
In Deacon's Orders, &c. With Frontis.
The Revolt of Man.
The Master Craftsman.
The City of Refuge.
A Fountain Sealed.
The Changeling.
The Fourth Generation.
The Orange Girl. With 8 Illustrations
 by F. PEGRAM.
The Alabaster Box.
The Lady of Lynn. With 12 Illustrations
 by G. DEMAIN-HAMMOND.
No Other Way. With 12 Illustrations.

BESANT (Sir Walter)—continued.

FINE PAPER EDITIONS, pott 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. net each; leather gilt top, 4s. 6d. net each.

London.

Westminster.

Jerusalem. (In collaboration with Prof. E. H. PALMER.)

Sir Richard Whittington.

Gaspard de Coligny.

All Sorts and Conditions of Men.

POPULAR EDITIONS, med. 8vo, 9d. net each.

All Sorts and Conditions of Men.

The Golden Euttermfly.

Ready-Money Mortiboy.

By Celia's Arbour.

The Chaplain of the Fleet.

The Monks of Thelema.

The Orange Girl.

For Faith and Freedom.

Children of Gibeon.

Dorothy Forster.

No Other Way.

Armored of Lyonesse.

The Lady of Lynn.

My Little Girl.

Demy 8vo, cloth, 6s. net each.

London. With 125 Illustrations.

Westminster. With Etching by F. S. WALKER, and 130 Illustrations.

South London. With Etching by F. S. WALKER, and 113 Illustrations.

East London. With Etching by F. S. WALKER, and 56 Illustrations by PHIL MAY, L. RAVEN HILL, and J. PENNKILL.

Art of Fiction. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 1s. net.

BETTANY (LEWIS).—Edward

Jerningham and his Friends With Portraits. Demy 8vo, cloth, £1 1s. net.

BIERCE (AMBROSE).—In the

Midst of Life. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net; crown 8vo, picture cover, 1s. net.

BINDLOSS (HAROLD), Novels by.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net each.

The Mistress of Bonaventure.

Daventry's Daughter.

A Sower of Wheat.

The Concession-hunters.

Ainslie's Ju-ju.

POPULAR EDITIONS, med. 8vo, 9d. net each.

The Concession-hunters.

The Mistress of Bonaventure.

BLAKE (WILLIAM) : The

Marriage of Heaven and Hell, and **A Song of Liberty.** With

Introduction by F. G. STOKES. A FLORENCE PRESS BOOK. Cr. 8vo, hand-made paper, bds., 3s. 6d. net; parchmt., 5s. net.

BOCCACCIO.—The Decameron.

Pott 8vo, cloth, 3s. net; leather, gilt top, 4s. 6d. net.

(See also under FLORENCE PRESS BOOKS.)

BOHEMIA'S CLAIM FOR

FREEDOM.—Edit. by J. PROCHAZKA.

With an Introduction by G. K. CHESTERTON. Illust. Post 8vo, paper, 1s. net.

BOMFORD (NORA).—Poems of

a Pantheist. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

BORDEAUX (HENRY).—Guyne-

mer: Knight of the Air. Translated by Louise Morgan Sill. With a Preface by RUDYARD KIPLING. Cr. 8vo, cloth,

6s. net.

BORENIUS (TANCRED).—The

Painters of Vicenza. With 15 full-page Plates. Demy 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d. net.

BORROW (GEORGE), The

Pocket. Arranged by EDW. THOMAS. 16mo, cloth, 3s. net; leather, gilt top, 4s. 6d. net.

BOURGET (PAUL).—The Night

Cometh. Translated by FREDERIC LEES. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 6s. net.

BRAND (JOHN).—Observations

on Popular Antiquities. With the Additions of Sir HENRY ELLIS. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

BRANFORD (BENCHARA).—

Janus and Vesta. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. net.

BRETON (CAPTAIN WILLY).—

The Belgian Front and its Notable Features. Demy 8vo, paper cover, 6d. net.

BREWER'S (Rev. Dr.) Diction-

ary.

The Reader's Handbook of Famous

Names in Fiction, Allusions,

References, Proverbs, Plots,

Stories, and Poems. Crown 8vo,

cloth, 5s. net

BRIDGE CATECHISM: QUES-

TIONS AND ANSWERS: including the PORTLAND CLUB CODE. By ROBERT HAMMOND. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d. net.

BRIDGE (J. S. C.).—From Island

to Empire: A History of the Expansion of

England by Force of Arms. With Maps and Plans. Large crown 8vo, cl., 6s. net;

also crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. net.

CHATTO & WINDUS, 97 & 99 ST. MARTIN'S LANE, LONDON, W.C.

BROWNING'S (ROBT.) POEMS.

Large cap. 4to, cl., 6s. net ea.; LARGE PAPER EDITION, parchment, 12s. 6d. net each.—Also in the ST. MARTIN'S LIBRARY, pott 8vo, cloth, 3s. net each; leather, gilt top, 4s. 6d. net each.

Pippa Passes; and **Men and Women.** With 10 Plates in Colour after E. FORTESCUE BRICKDALE. No parchment copies.

Dramatis Personæ; and **Dramatic Romances and Lyrics.** With 10 Plates in Colour after E. F. BRICKDALE.

Browning's Heroines. By ETHEL COLBURN MAYNE. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 6s. net.

BUCHANAN (ROBERT), Poems and Novels by.

The Complete Poetical Works of Robert Buchanan. 2 Vols., crown 8vo, buckram, with Portrait Frontispiece to each volume, 12s. net.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net each.

The Shadow of the Sword.

A Child of Nature.

God and the Man. With 11 Illustrations by F. BARNARD.

Lady Kilpatrick.

The Martyrdom of Madeline.

Love Me for Ever.

Annan Water.

Foxglove Manor.

The New Absalard.

Rachel Dene.

Matt: A Story of a Caravan.

The Master of the Mine.

The Heir of Linne.

Woman and the Man.

Red and White Heather.

Andromeda.

POPULAR EDITIONS, med. 8vo, 9d. net each.

The Shadow of the Sword.

God and the Man.

Foxglove Manor.

The Martyrdom of Madeline.

The Shadow of the Sword. FINE PAPER EDITION. Pott 8vo, cloth, 3s. net; leather, gilt top, 4s. 6d. net.

The Charlatan. By ROBERT BUCHANAN and HENRY MURRAY. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

BURTON (ROBERT). — The Anatomy of Melancholy. With a Frontispiece. Demy 8vo, cloth, 6s. net.

BYRD (JOHN WALTER).—The Born Fool. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. net.

BYZANTINE ENAMELS IN MR. PIERPONT MORGAN'S COLLECTION. By O. M. DALTON. With Note by ROGER FRY, and Illustrations in Colour. Royal 4to, boards, 7s. 6d. net.

CAINE (HALL), Novels by.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net each.

The Shadow of a Crime.

A Son of Hagar.

The Deemster.

Also POPULAR EDITIONS, picture covers, 9d. net each; and the FINE PAPER EDITION of **The Deemster**, pott 8vo, cloth, 3s. net; leather, 4s. 6d. net.

CAINE (WILLIAM).—Monsieur Segotin's Story. Demy 8vo, coloured wrapper, 3d. net.

CAMBRIDGE FROM WITHIN.

By CHARLES TENNYSON, With 12 Illustrations in Colour and 8 in Sepia by HARRY MORLEY. Demy 8vo, cloth, 5s. net.

CAMERON (V. LOVETT).—The Cruise of the 'Black Prince' Privateer. Cr. 8vo, cloth, with 2 Illusts., 3s. 6d. net.

CANZIANI (ESTELLA), Books by.

Costumes, Traditions, and Songs of Savoy. With 50 Illustrations in Colour and some in Line. Demy 4to, cl. gilt, 21s. net; vellum gilt, 31s. 6d. net.

Piedmont. By ESTELLA CANZIANI and ELEANOR RÖHDE. With 52 Illustrations in Colour and many in Line. Demy 4to, cloth, 21s. net.

CARROLL (LEWIS), Books by.

Alice in Wonderland. With 12 Col. and many Line illus. by MILLICENT SOWERBY. Large cr. 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

Feeding the Mind. With a Preface by W. H. DRAPER. Post 8vo, boards, 1s. net; leather, 2s. net.

CATHOLICITY, WHAT IS?—

Letters from the *Church Times* and the *Tablet*, Collected by W. W. Crown 8vo, paper, 1s. net.

CHAPMAN'S (GEORGE) Works.

Vol. I., Plays Complete, including the Doubtful Ones.—Vol. II., Poems and Minor Translations, with Essay by A. C. SWINBURNE.—Vol. III., Translations of the Iliad and Odyssey. Three Vols., crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net each.

CHAUCER for Children: A Golden Key. By Mrs. H. R. HAWES. With 8 Coloured Plates and 30 Woodcuts. Crown 4to, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

Chaucer for Schools. With the Story of his Times and his Work. By Mrs. H. R. HAWES. Demy 8vo, cl., 2s. 6d. net.
* See also THE KING'S CLASSICS, p. 16.

CHESNEY (WEATHERBY),
Novels by. Cr. 8vo, cl., 3s. 6d. net each.
The Cable-man.
The Claimant.
The Romance of a Queen.

CHESS, The Laws and Practice of; with an Analysis of the Openings. By HOWARD STAUNTON. Edited by R. B. WORMALD. Crown 8vo, cl., 5s. net.

The Minor Tactics of Chess: A Treatise on the Deployment of the Forces in obedience to Strategic Principle. By F. K. YOUNG and E. C. HOWELL. Long fcap. 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d. net.

CHESTERTON (G. K.).—A Short History of England. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. net.

CHESTERTON (CECIL). — A History of the United States. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. net.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS, ANCIENT ENGLISH. Collected and arranged by EDITH RICKERT. Post 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net. Parchment, 5s. net.
See also NEW MEDIEVAL LIBRARY, p. 19.

CLAUDEL (PAUL).—The Tidings Brought to Mary. Translated by LOUISE MORGAN SILL. Pott 4to, cloth, 6s. net.

CLODD (EDWARD). — Myths and Dreams. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

COLLINS (J. CHURTON, M.A.). Jonathan Swift. Cr. 8vo, cl., 3s. 6d. net.

COLLINS (WILKIE), Novels by.
Cr. 8vo, cl., 3s. 6d. net each.

Antonina.
Basil.
Hide and Seek.
The Woman in White.

COLLINS (WILKIE)—continued.

The Moonstone.
Man and Wife.
The Dead Secret.
After Dark.
The Queen of Hearts.
No Name
My Miscellanies.
Armada.
Poor Miss Finch.
Miss or Mrs.?
The Black Robe.
The New Magdalen.
Frozen Deep.
A Rogue's Life.
The Law and the Lady.
The Two Destinies.
The Haunted Hotel.
The Fallen Leaves.
Jezebel's Daughter.
Heart and Science.
The Evil Genius.
The Legacy of Cain.
"I Say No."
Little Novels.
Blind Love.

POPULAR EDITIONS, medium 8vo, 9d. net each.

Antonina.
Poor Miss Finch.
The Woman in White.
The Law and the Lady.
Moonstone.
The New Magdalen.
The Dead Secret.
Man and Wife.
No Name.
Armada.
The Haunted Hotel.
Blind Love.
The Legacy of Cain.

The Woman in White. LARGE TYPE, FINE PAPER EDITION. Pott 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 3s. net; leather, gilt top, 4s. 6d. net.

COLVILL (HELEN H.).—The Incubus. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. net.

COMPENSATION ACT (THE), 1906. By A. CLEMENT EDWARDS, M.P. Crown 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d. net.

COMPTON (HERBERT), Novels by.

The Inimitable Mrs. Massingham. POPULAR EDITION, med. 8vo, 9d. net.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net each.

The Willful Way.

The Queen can do no Wrong.

To Defeat the Ends of Justice.

CORNWALL.—Popular

Romances of the West of England:

Collected by ROBERT HUNT, F.R.S. With two Plates by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 6s. net.

COSTER (CHARLES DE).—The

Legend of Tyl Ulenspiegel. Translated by GEOFFREY WHITWORTH. With 20 Woodcuts by ALBERT DELSTANCHE. Sm. Fcap. 4to, cloth, 7s. 6d. net. Presentation Edition, the Plates mounted. 12s. 6d. net.

CREIGHTON (BASIL). — The

History of an Attraction. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s. net.

CRESSWELL (C. M.) — The

Making and Breaking of Almansur. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. net.

CROSS (MARGARET B.), Novels

by. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. net each.

Opportunity.

Up to Perrin's.

A Question of Means. Cr. 8vo, cl., 3s. 6d. net. POPULAR EDITION, medium 8vo, 9d. net.

CRUIKSHANK'S COMIC AL-

MANACK. Complete in TWO SERIES: the FIRST from 1835 to 1843; the SECOND, from 1844 to 1853. With many hundred Woodcuts and Steel Plates by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK and others. Two Vols., crown 8vo, cloth, 5s. net each.

CROKER (B. M.), Novels by.

Cr. 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net each.

A Bird of Passage.

Mr. Jervis.

Diana Barrington:

"To Let."

A Family Likeness.

Terence.

A Third Person.

Interference.

Beyond the Pale.

Two Masters.

Infatuation.

Some One Else.

In the Kingdom of Kerry.

Jason, &c.

Married or Single?

CROKER (B. M.)—continued.

Miss Balmaine's Past.

Pretty Miss Neville.

Proper Pride.

The Cat's-paw.

The Real Lady Hilda.

The Spanish Necklace.

Village Tales & Jungle Tragedies.

A Rolling Stone.

POPULAR EDITIONS, med. 8vo, 9d. net each.

Proper Pride.

Diana Barrington.

A Bird of Passage.

A Family Likeness.

The Spanish Necklace.

A Rolling Stone.

Pretty Miss Neville.

Beyond the Pale.

The Real Lady Hilda.

Married or Single?

The Cat's-paw.

Infatuation.

CUPID AND PSYCHE. With 8

illustrations in colour by DOROTHY MULLOCK. Fcap. 4to, boards, 5s. net.

CUSSANS (JOHN E.).—A Hand-

book of Heraldry. With 408 Woodcuts and 2 Colrd. Plates. Cr. 8vo, cl., 5s. net.

DAVIES (Dr. N. E. YORKE-).

Crown 8vo, 1s. net; cloth, 1s. 6d. net.

The Dietetic Cure of Obesity
(Foods for the Fat).

Aids to Long Life. Cr. 8vo, 2s. net;
cl. 2s. 6d. net.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d. net.

Wine and Health: How to enjoy both.

Nursery Hints: A Mother's Guide.

DELSTANCHE (ALBERT).—The

Little Towns of Flanders. Twelve Woodcuts, with Prefatory Letter from EMILE VERHAEREN. Fcap. 4to, boards, 3s. 6d. net. See also under FLORENCE PRESS BOOKS, page 10, and under *de Coster* on this page.

DEVON: Its Moorlands,

Streams, and Coasts. By Lady ROSALIND NORTHCOTE. Illustrated in Colours by F. J. WIDGERY. Fcap. 4to, cloth, 10s. 6d. net.

Lynton and Lynmouth. By JOHN

PRESLAND. Illustrated in Colour by F. J. WIDGERY. Crown 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d. net.

DEWAR (GEORGE A.B.).—This Realm, This England. With 9 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. net.

DICKENS (CHARLES), The Speeches of. With a Portrait. Pott 8vo, cloth, 3s. net; leather, 4s. 6d. net.

Charles Dickens. By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

The Pocket Charles Dickens: Passages chosen by ALFRED H. HYATT. 16mo, cloth, 3s. net; leather, gilt top, 4s. 6d. net.

DICTIONARIES.

The Reader's Handbook. By Rev. E. C. BREWER, LL.D. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. net.

Familiar Allusions. By W. A. and C. G. WHEELER. Demy 8vo, cl., 7s. 6d. net.

Familiar Short Sayings of Great Men. With Explanatory Notes by SAMUEL A. BENT, A.M. Cr. 8vo, cl., 6s. net.

The Slang Dictionary: Historical and Anecdotal. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. net.

Words, Facts, and Phrases: A Dictionary of Curious Matters. By E. EDWARDS. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

DOBSON (AUSTIN), Works by. Crown 8vo, buckram, 5s. net each.

Four Frenchwomen. With Portraits.
Eighteenth Century Vignettes. In Three Series; also FINE-PAPER EDITIONS, pott 8vo, cloth, 3s. net each; leather, 4s. 6d. net each.

A Palad'in of Philanthropy, and other Papers. With 2 Illustrations.

Side-walk Studies. With 5 Illusts.

Old Kensington Palace, &c. With 6 Illustrations.

At Prior Park, &c. With 6 Illustrations.

Rosalba's Journal. 8vo, with 6 Illus.

DIRCKS HELEN).—FINDING. Pott 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d. net.

DIXON (W. WILLMOTT), Novels by. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net each.
The Rogue of Rye.
King Hal of Heronsen.

DONOVAN (DICK), Detective Stories by.

Cr. 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net each.

Suspicion Aroused.
In the Grip of the Law.
The Man from Manchester.
The Mystery of Jamaica Terrace.
Wanted!
Chronicles of Michael Danevitch.
Tracked to Doom.
Tracked and Taken.
A Detective's Triumphs:
Who Poisoned Hetty Duncan?
Caught at Last.
Link by Link.
Riddles Read.
From Information Received.
The Man-Hunter.
Tales of Terror.
Deacon Brodie.
Tyler Tatlock, Private Detective.
The Records of Vincent Trill.

DOSTOEVSKY (FYODOR), Letters of. Translated by ETHEL COLBURN MAYNE. With 16 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, buckram, 7s. 6d. net. NEW AND CHEAPER EDITION, reset, with all the original illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. net.

DOYLE (A. CONAN).—The Firm of Girdlestone. Cr. 8vo, cl., 3s. 6d. net; POPULAR EDITION, medium 8vo, 9d. net.

DRAMATISTS, THE OLD. Edited by Col. CUNNINGHAM. Cr. 8vo, cloth, with Portraits, 3s. 6d. net. per Vol.

Ben Jonson's Works. With Notes and a Biographical Memoir by WILLIAM GIFFORD. Three Vols.

Chapman's Works. Three Vols.—Vol. I. The Plays complete; Vol. II. Poems and Translations, with Essay by A. C. SWINBURNE; Vol. III. The Iliad and Odyssey.

Marlowe's Works. One Vol.

Massinger's Plays. One Vol.

DRAPER (W. H.). — Poems of the Love of England. Crown 8vo, Decorated cover, 1s. net.

(See also under PETRARCH.)

DU MAURIER (GEORGE), The Satirist of the Victorians. By T. MARTIN WOOD. With 41 Illustrations. Fcap. 4to, cloth, 7s. 6d. net.

DUMPY BOOKS (The) for Children. Royal 32mo, cloth, 1s. net each.

1. **The Flamp, The Ameliorator, and The School-boy's Apprentice.** By E. V. LUCAS.
4. **The Story of Little Black Sambo.** By HELEN BANNERMAN. Illustrated in colours.
7. **A Flower Book.** Illustrated in colours by NELLIE BENSON.
8. **The Pink Knight.** By J. R. MONSELL. Illustrated in colours.
10. **A Horse Book.** By MARY TOURTEL. Illustrated in colours.
11. **Little People; an Alphabet.** By HENRY MAYER and T. W. H. CROSLAND. Illustrated in colours.
12. **A Dog Book.** By ETHEL BICENELL. With Pictures in colours by CARTON MOORE PARK.
18. **Little White Barbara.** By ELEANOR MARCH. Illustrated in colours.
28. **The Sooty Man.** By E. B. MACKINNON and EDEN COYBEE. Illus.
30. **Rosalina.** Illustrated in colours by JEAN C. ARCHER.
33. **Irene's Christmas Party.** By RICHARD HUNTER. Illus. by RUTH CORR.
34. **The Little Soldier Book.** By JESSIE POPE. Illustrated in colours by HENRY MAYER.
35. **The Dutch Doll's Ditties.** By C. AUBREY MOORE.
38. **Ten Little Nigger Boys.** By NORA CASE.
37. **Humpty Dumpty's Little Son.** By HELEN R. CROSS.
33. **Simple Simon.** By HELEN R. CROSS. Illustrated in colours.
39. **The Little Frenchman.** By EDEN COYBEE. Illustrated in colours by K. J. FRICERO.
40. **The Story of an Irish Potato.** By LILY SCHOFIELD. Illus. in colours.

EDWARDS (ELIEZER).—
Words, Facts, and Phrases: A Dictionary of Curious, Quaint, and Out-of-the-Way Matters. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

EGERTON (Rev. J. C.).—
Sussex Folk and Sussex Ways. With Four Illusts. Cr. 8vo, cl., 3s. 6d. net.

ELIZABETHAN VERSE, The
Book of. Edited, with Notes, by W. S. BRAITHWAITE. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net; vellum gilt, 12s. 6d. net.

EPISTOLÆ OBSCURORUM
Virorum (1515-1517). Latin Text, with Translation, Notes, &c., by F. G. STOBES. Royal 8vo, buckram, 25s. net.

EXETER SCHOOL, The Found-
ing of. By H. LLOYD PARRY. Crown 4to, cloth, 5s. net.

FAIRY TALES FROM
TUSCANY. By ISABELLA M. ANDER-
TON. Square 16mo, cloth, 1s. net.

FAMILIAR ALLUSIONS Mis-
cellaneous Information. By W. A. and C.
G. WHEELER. Demy 8vo, cl., 7s. 6d. net.

FAMILIAR SHORT SAYINGS
of Great Men. By S. A. BENT, A.M.
Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. net.

FARADAY (MICHAEL), Works
by. Post 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net each.

The Chemical History of a
Candle: Lectures delivered before a
Juvenile Audience. Edited by WILLIAM
CROOKES, F.C.S. With numerous Illusts.

On the Various Forces of Nature,
and their Relations to each
other. Edited by WILLIAM CROOKES,
F.C.S. With Illustrations.

FARMER (HENRY).—Slaves of
Chance: A Novel. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 6s. net.

DUTT (ROMESH C.).—England
and India: Progress during One
Hundred Years. Crown 8vo, cl., 2s. net.

FARRAR (F. W., D.D.).—Ruskin
as a Religious Teacher. Square
16mo, cloth, with Frontispiece, 1s. net.

FENN (G. MANVILLE), Novels

by. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net each.

- The New Mistress.**
Witness to the Deed.
The Tiger Lily.
The White Virgin.
A Woman Worth Winning.
Cursed by a Fortune.
The Case of Ailsa Gray.
Commodore Junk.
In Jeopardy.
Double Cunning.
A Fluttered Dovecote.
King of the Castle.
The Master of the Ceremonies.
The Story of Antony Grace.
The Man with a Shadow.
One Maid's Mischief.
The Bag of Diamonds, and Three Bits of Paste.
Black Shadows.
Running Amok.
The Cankerworm.
So Like a Woman.
A Crimson Crime.

POPULAR EDITIONS. med. 8vo, 9d. net each.

- A Crimson Crime.**
A Woman Worth Winning.

FILIPPI (ROSINA).—Inhaling:

A Romance. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. net.

FIREWORK - MAKING, The

Complete Art of. By T. KENTISH
 With 267 Illusts. Cr. 8vo, cl., 3s. 6d. net.

FISHER (ARTHUR O.).—The

Land of Silent Feet. With a Frontispiece by G. D. ARMOUR. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. net.

FLAMMARION (CAMILLE).—

Popular Astronomy. Translated by J. ELLARD GORE, F.R.A.S. With Illustrations. Medium 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d. net.

FLETCHER (JOHN GOULD).—

The Tree of Life. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s. net.

FLOWER BOOK (The). By

CONSTANCE SMEDLEY ARMFIELD and MAXWELL ARMFIELD. Large fcap 4to, cl., 5s. net.

FLORENCE PRESS BOOKS

(The). Set in the beautiful FLORENCE TYPE designed by Mr. HERBERT P. HORNÉ. Printed on hand-made paper.

FLORENCE PRESS BOOKS—continued.

Virginibus Puerisque, &c. By R. L. STEVENSON. With 12 Illustrations in Coloured Collo-type after the Drawings of NORMAN WILKINSON. (235 numbered copies.) Crown 4to, bds., 42 12s. 6d. net; vellum, £3 3s. net.

The Floretti or Little Flowers of S. Francis. Translated by Prof. T. W. ARNOLD, M.A. With 29 Illustrations in Collo-type from the MSS. in the Laurentian Library. (475 numbered copies.) Printed in red and black. Demy 4to, boards, 30s. net; vellum, 42s. net.

Songs before Sunrise. By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. (475 numbered copies.) Printed in red and black. Crown 4to, boards, 26s. net; limp vellum, 36s. net.

The Marriage of Heaven and Hell; and A Song of Liberty. By WILLIAM BLAKE. With Introduction by F. G. STOKER. Crown 8vo, boards, 3s. 6d. net; parchment 5s. net.

Sappho: One Hundred Lyrics. By BLISS CARMAN. Small crown 8vo, boards, 5s. net; parchment gilt, 6s. net.

Memoriale di Molte Statue e Pitture, Sono Inclyta Cipta di Florantia. (Edition limited to 450 copies.) Demy 8vo, 5s. net; limp vellum, 12s. 6d. net.

Olympia: The Latin Text of Boccaccio's Fourteenth Eclogue, with an English rendering, and other supplementary matter, by ISRAEL GOLLANCZ, Litt.D., and a Photogravure facsimile of a part of the MS. Limited to 500 copies fcap. 4to, hand-made paper, boards, 6s. net; vellum, 12s. 6d. net.

Stevenson's Poems. Complete Edition Small fcap. 4to, gilt top, 12s. 6d. net.

The Poems of John Keats. Newly arranged in chronological order, and Edited by Sir SIDNEY COLVIN. In 2 vols., small 4to, boards, 15s. net; buckram, 21s. net. LARGE PAPER EDITION, limited to 250 copies, fcap. 4to, hand-made paper, parchment, 31s. 6d. net; vellum, 45s. net.

The Lyrical Poems of Shelley. Newly Edited by Prof. C. H. HERFORD. 1 Vol. small 4to, boards, 12s. 6d. net; buckram, 16s. net. Also a LARGE PAPER EDITION, limited to 250 numbered copies. Parobment, 26s. net.

Flanders, The Little Towns of. 13 Woodcuts by ALBERT DELSTANGHE, with a Prefatory Letter from EMILE VERHAEREN. Edition limited to 500 numbered copies. Demy 4to, bds., 12s. 6d. net; vellum, £1 1s. net.

FRANKAU (GILBERT).—One of

Us: A Novel in Verse. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net. Special Edition with Illustrations by "FISH." Fcap. 4to, boards, 6s. net. 100 copies bound in parchment and signed by the Author and Artist, 12s. 6d. net. Only a few remain.

"Tid'apa": A Poem. Demy 8vo, boards, 2s. 6d. net.

The City of Fear. Pott 4to, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

The Judgement of Valhalla. Pott 4to, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

The Woman of the Horizon. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. net.

CHATTO & WINDUS, 97 & 99 ST. MARTIN'S LANE, LONDON, W.C.

FREEMAN (R. AUSTIN).—*John Thorndyke's Cases.* Illustrated by H. M. BROCK, &c. POPULAR EDITION, medium 8vo, 9d. net.

GARDENING BOOKS. Post 8vo, 1s. 6d. net each.

A Year's Work in Garden and Greenhouse. By GEORGE GLENNY. Also an edition at 1s. net.

Household Horticulture. By TOM and JANE JERROLD. Illustrated.

The Garden that Paid the Rent. By TOM JERROLD.

Our Kitchen Garden. By TOM JERROLD. Post 8vo, cloth, 1s. net.

GIBBON (CHARLES), Novels
by. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net each.

Robin Gray.
The Golden Shaft.
The Flower of the Forest.
The Braes of Yarrow.
Of High Degree.
Queen of the Meadow.
By Mead and Stream.
For Lack of Gold.

The Dead Heart. POPULAR EDITION, medium 8vo, 9d. net.

GIBBS (A. HAMILTON).—*Cheadle and Son.* Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. net.

GIBSON (L. S.), Novels by.
Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net each.

The Freemasons.
Burnt Spices.
Ships of Desire.

The Freemasons. Cheap Edition, medium 8vo, 9d. net.

GIDE (ANDRÉ), *Prometheus Ill Bound.*—Translated by LILIAN ROTHERMERE. Crown 8vo, boards, 10s. 6d. net. Parchment Gilt, £1 1s. net.

GILBERT'S (W. S.) Original
Plays. In 4 Series. FINE-PAPER EDITION, Pott 8vo, cloth, 3s. net each; leather, gilt top, 4s. 6d. net each.

The FIRST SERIES contains: *The Wicked World*—*Pygmalion and Galatea*—*Charity*—*The Princess*—*The Palace of Truth*—*Trial by Jury*—*Iolanthe*.

The SECOND SERIES contains: *Broken Hearts*—*Engaged*—*Sweethearts*—*Gretchen*—*Dan'l Druce*—*Tom Cobb*—*H.M.S. 'Pinafore'*—*The Sorcerer*—*The Pirates of Penzance*.

The THIRD SERIES contains: *Comedy and Tragedy*—*Foggerty's Fairy*—*Rosencrantz and Guildenstern*—*Patience*—*Princess Ida*—*The Mikado*—*Ruddigore*—*The Yeomen of the Guard*—*The Gondoliers*—*The Mountebanks*—*Utopia*.

The FOURTH SERIES contains: *The Fairy's Dilemma*—*The Grand Duke*—*His Excellency*—*'Haste to the Wedding'*—*Fallen Fairies*—*The Gentleman in Black*—*Brantingham Hall*—*Creatures of Impulse*—*Randall's Thumb*—*The Fortune-hunter*—*Thespis*. With Portrait of the Author.

The Gilbert and Sullivan Birth-day Book. Compiled by A. WATSON. Royal 16mo, decorated cover, 1s. net.

GISSING (ALGERNON), Novels
by. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net each.

Knitters in the Sun.
The Wealth of Mallerstang.
An Angel's Portion. | *Baliol Garth*
The Dreams of Simon Usher.

GLANVILLE (ERNEST), Novels
by. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net each.

The Lost Heiress. With 2 Illusts.
The Fossicker: A Romance of Mash-onaland. Two Illusts. by HUME NISBET.
A Fair Colonist. With Frontispiece.
The Golden Rock. With Frontispiece.
Tales from the Yeld. With 12 Illusts.
Max Thornton. With 8 Illustrations by J. S. CROMPTON, R.I.

GOLDEN TREASURY of
Thought, The. By THEODORE TAY-
LOR. Cr. 8vo, cl., 3s. 6d. net.

GRACE (ALFRED A.).—*Tales of a Dying Race.* Cr. 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

GRACE, E. M.: A Memoir.
By F. S. ASHLEY-COOPER. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s. net.

GRANDE (JULIAN). — A Citizens' Army: The Swiss Military System. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

GREEKS AND ROMANS, The Life of the. By ERNST GUHL and W. KONER. Edited by Dr. F. HUEFFER. With 545 Illusts. Demy 8vo, cl., 6s. net.

GREEN (ARTHUR). — The Story of a Prisoner of War. Pott 8vo, 1s. net.

GREEN (F. E.) — The Surrey Hills. Illustrated by ELLIOTT SEABROOKE. Fcap. 4to, cloth, 7s. 6d. net.

GRIMM. — German Popular Stories. — Collected by the Brothers GRIMM and Translated by EDGAR TAYLOR. With an Intro. by JOHN RUSKIN. Illustrated by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. Square 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 5s. net.

HABBERTON (JOHN). — Helen's Babies. With Coloured Frontis. and 60. Illustrations by EVA ROOS. Fcap. 4to, cloth, 6s. net.

HALL (Mrs. S. C.). — Sketches of Irish Character. Illusts. by CRUIKSHANK and others. Demy 8vo, cl., 6s. net.

HAMILTON'S (COSMO) Stories
Two Kings, &c. Cr. 8vo., cl., 2s. net.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. net. each.
Nature's Yagabond, &c.
The Door that has no Key.
Plain Brown. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.
POPULAR EDITION, medium 8vo, 9d. net.

A Plea for the Younger Generation. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d. net.

HAPPY TESTAMENT, The.
By CHARLES LOUNDSBERRY. Illustrated in Colour by RACHEL MARSHALL. Post 8vo, decorated cover, 1s. net.

HAPSBURGS, The Cradle of the.
By J. W. GILBERT-SMITH, M.A. With numerous Illusts. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 5s. net.

HARDY (THOMAS). — Under the Greenwood Tree. Post 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net; FINE PAPER EDITION, post 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d. net; leather gilt, 4s. net; CHEAP EDITION, medium 8vo, 9d. net. Also the LARGE TYPE EDITION DE LUXE, with 10 Illustrations in Colour by KEITH HENDERSON. Fcap. 4to, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

The Pocket Thomas Hardy. 16mo, cloth, 3s. net; leather, gilt top, 4s. 6d. net.

HARRIS (JOEL CHANDLER):

Uncle Remus. With 9 Coloured and 50 other Illustrations by J. A. SHEPHERD. Fcap. 4to, cloth, 6s. net.

Nights with Uncle Remus. With 8 Coloured and 50 other Illustrations by J. A. SHEPHERD. Fcap. 4to, cl. 6s. net.

HARTE'S (BRET) Collected Works. LIBRARY EDITION, (Ten Volumes now ready). Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net each.

- Vol. I. POETICAL AND DRAMATIC WORKS. With Portrait.
" II. THE LUCK OF ROARING CAMP—BOHEMIAN PAPERS—AMERICAN LEGENDS.
" III. TALES OF THE ARGONAUTS—EASTERN SKETCHES.
" IV. GABRIEL CONROY.
" V. STORIES—CONDENSED NOVELS.
" VI. TALES OF THE PACIFIC SLOPE.
" VII. TALES OF THE PACIFIC SLOPE—II. With Portrait by JOHN PETTIE.
" VIII. TALES OF PINE AND CYPRESS.
" IX. BUCKEYE AND CHAPPAREL.
" X. TALES OF TRAIL AND TOWN.

Bret Harte's Choice Works in Prose and Verse. With Portrait and 40 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

HARTE (BRET)—continued.

Pott 8vo, cloth, 3s. net each; leather, 4s. 6d. net each.

Miss, Luck of Roaring Camp, &c.
Condensed Novels. Both Series.
Complete Poetical Works.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. net, each.

On the Old Trail.
Trent's Trust.
Under the Redwoods.
From Sandhill to Pine.
Stories in Light and Shadow.
Mr. Jack Hamlin's Mediation.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net each.

In a Hollow of the Hills;
Maruja.

Gabriel Conroy.

A Ward of the Golden Gate. With 59 Illustrations by STANLEY L. WOOD.

The Bell-Ringer of Angel's, &c. With 39 Illusts. by DUDLEY HARDY, &c.

Clarence: A Story of the American War. With 8 Illustrations by A. JULE GOODMAN.

Barker's Luck, &c. With 39 Illustrations by A. FORESTIER, PAUL HARDY, &c.

Devil's Ford, &c.

The Crusade of the 'Excelsior.' With Frontis. by J. BERNARD PARTRIDGE.

Tales of Trail and Town. With Frontispiece by G. P. JACOMB-HOOD.

A Sappho of Green Springs.

Colonel Starbottle's Client.

A Protégée of Jack Hamlin's. With numerous Illustrations.

Sally Dows, &c. With 47 Illustrations by W. D. ALMOND and others.

An Heiress of Red Dog.

Californian Stories.

Luck of Roaring Camp.

Condensed Novels: New Burlesques.

Three Partners. POPULAR EDITION, medium 8vo, 9d. net.

Haweis (Mrs. H. R.), Books by.

The Art of Dress. With 32 Illustrations. Post 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d. net.

Chaucer for Schools. With Frontispiece. Demy 8vo; cloth, 2s. 6d. net.

Chaucer for Children. With 8 Coloured Plates and 30 Woodcuts. Crown 4to, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

HAWTHORNE (JULIAN),

Novels by. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net each.

Garth.

Fortune's Fool.

Beatrice Randolph. With Four Illusts.

D. Poindexter's Disappearance.

Sebastian Strome.

Love—or a Name.

Ellice Quentin.

Dust. Four Illusts.

HEAD (Mrs. HENRY).—A

Simple Guide to Pictures. With 34 Illustrations (24 in Colour). Fcap. 4to, cloth, 5s. net.

HEALY (CHRIS), Books by.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. net, each.

Confessions of a Journalist.

Heirs of Reuben. | Mara.

HENDERSON (KEITH).—

Letters to Helen: The Impressions of an Artist on the Western Front. Illustrated. Demy 8vo, boards, 6s. net.

HENTY (G. A.), Novels by.

Rujub, the Juggler. Post 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net each.

The Queen's Cup.

Dorothy's Doubts.

Colonel Thorndyke's Secret.

HERBERTSON (JESSIE L.).—

Junia. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. net.

HILL (HEADON).—Zambra the

Detective. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

HOFFMANN, TALES OF. Retold

from OFFENBACH'S Opera. By CYRIL FALLS. Illustrated in Colour by A. BRANTINGHAM SIMPSON, R.O.I. Small 4to, cl., 3s. 6d. net.

HOLMES (CHARLES J., M.A.),
Books by. Dy. 8vo, cl., 7s. 6d. net each.
Notes on the Science of Picture-making. With Photogravure Frontis.
Notes on the Art of Rembrandt.
With Frontispiece and 44 Plates.

HOME OF TO-DAY (The)—By a Woman Who Keeps One. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s. net.

HOOD'S (THOMAS) Choice
Works in Prose and Verse. With Life of the Author, Portrait, and 200 Illusts. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

HOOK'S (THEODORE) Choice
Humorous Works. With Life and Frontispiece. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

HORNIMAN (ROY), Novels by.
Bellamy the Magnificent. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. net.
Lord Cammarleigh's Secret. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.
Israel Rank. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

HORNING (E. W.), Novels by.
Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net each.
Stingaree.
A Thief in the Night.
The Shadow of the Rope. Also at 2s. net.

HOUGHTON (MARY).—In the Enemy's Country. Foreword by EDWARD GARNETT. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 5s. net.

HOWARD (KEBLE).—The Glory of Zeebrugge and the "Vindictive." Illustrated. Demy 8vo, Coloured Cover, 1s. net.
The Comedy of It. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s. net.
My War Amazements. Illustrated. Demy 8vo, cloth, 1cs. 6d. net.

HUEFFER (FORD MADDOX),
Novels by.
A Call: The Tale of Two Passions. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.
The Young Lovell. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 6s. net.

HUGO (VICTOR).—The Outlaw of Iceland. Translated by Sir GILBERT CAMPBELL. Crown 8vo, cl., 3s. 6d. net.

HULL (ELEANOR), Selected and
Annotated by.—The Poem-book of the Gael. Small cr. 8vo, cloth, 6s. net.

HUME (FERGUS), Novels by.
The Lady From Nowhere. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.
The Millionaire Mystery. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.
The Wheeling Light. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

HUNGERFORD (Mrs.), Novels
by. Cr. 8vo, cl., 3s. 6d. net each.
The Professor's Experiment.
Lady Verner's Flight.
Lady Patty.
Peter's Wife.
The Red-House Mystery.
An Unsatisfactory Lover.
A Maiden All Forlorn.
A Mental Struggle.
Marvel.
A Modern Circe.
In Durance Vile.
April's Lady.
The Three Graces.
Nora Creina.
An Anxious Moment.
A Point of Conscience.
The Coming of Chloë.
Lovice.

POPULAR EDITIONS, med. 8vo, 9d. net each.
The Red-House Mystery.
A Modern Circe.

HUNT (Mrs. ALFRED) and
VIOLET HUNT.—The Governess. Cr. 8vo, cl., 6s. net.

HYAMSON (ALBERT).—A History of the Jews in England. With 18 Illusts. Demy 8vo, cloth, 4s. 6d. net.

HYATT (A. H.), Topographical
Anthologies compiled by. Crown 8vo, cloth, full gilt side, gilt top, 5s. net each. Also, FINE-PAPER EDITIONS, without Illustrations, Pott 8vo, cloth, 3s. net each; leather, gilt top, 4s. 6d. net each.

The Charm of Venice: an Anthology. With 12 Ill. in Colour by HARALD SUNN.

The Charm of London. With 12 Illusts. in Colour by YOSHIO MAKINO.

The Charm of Paris. With 12 Illustrations in Colour by HARRY MORLEY.

The Charm of Edinburgh. With 12 Illusts. in Colour by HARRY MORLEY.

INCE (MABEL), Novels by.
Each with Frontispiece, cr. 8vo, cl., 6s. net, each.

The Wisdom of Waiting.
The Commonplace & Clementine.

INCHBOLD (A. C.), Novels by.

The Road of No Return. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

Love in a Thirsty Land. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 6s. net.

INDUSTRIAL OUTLOOK (The).

—By Various Authors. Edited by H. SANDERSON FURNESS. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

INTERNATIONAL CARTOONS OF THE WAR.

Selected by H. PEARL ADAM. Demy 4to, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

IONIDES (CYRIL).—See under

ATKINS (J. B.), p. 2.

JAMES (HENRY), Pictures and

other Passages from. Selected by RUTH HEAD. Post 8vo, bds., 3s. 6d. net.

"JASON"—Past and Future.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

JEFFERIES (RICHARD), by.

The Pageant of Summer. Long fcap. decorated cover, 1s. net.

The Life of the Fields. Post 8vo, cl., 2s. 6d. net; LARGE TYPE, FINE PAPER EDITION, post 8vo, cloth, 3s. net; leather, gilt top, 4s. 6d. net. Also a NEW EDITION, with 12 Illustrations in Colours by M. U. CLARKE, cr. 8vo, cl., 5s. net.

The Open Air. Post 8vo, cl., 2s. 6d. net. LARGE TYPE, FINE PAPER EDITION, post 8vo, cloth, 3s. net; leather, gilt top, 4s. 6d. net. Also a NEW EDITION. Illustrated. Uniform with above.

Nature near London. Crown 8vo, buckram, 5s. net; post 8vo, cl., 2s. 6d. net; LARGE TYPE, FINE PAPER EDITION, post 8vo, cloth, 3s. net; leather, gilt top, 4s. 6d. net. Also a NEW EDITION. Illustrated. Uniform with above.

The Pocket Richard Jefferies: Passages chosen by A. H. HYATT. 16mo, cloth, 3s. net; leather, gilt top, 4s. 6d. net.

JENKINS (HESTER D.).—Behind

Turkish Lattices. With 24 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. net.

JERROLD (TOM), Books by.

Post 8vo, cl., 1s. 6d. net each.

The Garden that Paid the Rent.

Household Horticulture.

JOHNSTONE (Arthur).—Recol-

lections of R. L. Stevenson in the Pacific. With Portrait and Facsimile Letter. Crown 8vo, buckram, 6s. net.

JONES (CECIL DUNCAN).—

The Everlasting Search: A Romance. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. net.

JONSON'S (BEN) Works. With

Notes, etc., by WILLIAM GIFFORD

Edited by Colonel CUNNINGHAM. Three

Vols., crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net each.

JOSEPHUS, The Complete

Works of. Translated by WILLIAM

WHISTON. Illustrated. Two Vols.,

demý 8vo, cloth, 5s. net each.

KEATS (JOHN), The Poems of.

See FLORENCE PRESS BOOKS, page 10.

KEMPLING (W. BAILEY).—The

Poets Royal of England and Scot-

land. With 6 Portraits. Small 8vo,

parchment, 6s. net; vellum, 7s. 6d. net.

(See also KING'S CLASSICS, p. 16.)

KENT (Lieut.-Comm.).—Poor

Dear Providence: A Naval Love Story.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. net.

KEYNES (HELEN MARY),

Novels by. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. net each.

The Spanish Marriage.

Honour the King.

KING (LEONARD W., M.A.).—

A History of Babylonia and Assyria

from Prehistoric Times to the

Persian Conquest. With Plans and

Illustrations. 3 vols. royal 8vo, cloth.

Each vol. separately, 18s. net; or the 3

vols. if ordered at one time, £2 10s. net.

Vol. 1.—A History of Sumer and

Akkad: An account of the Early

Races of Babylonia from Prehistoric

Times to the Foundation of the Baby-

lonian Monarchy.

" II.—A History of Babylon from

the Foundation of the Monarchy,

about B.C. 2000, until the Conquest at

Babylon by Cyrus, B.C. 539.

KING (LEONARD W.)—continued.

Vol. III.—**A History of Assyria** from the Earliest Period until the Fall of Nineveh, B.C. 606. [Preparing.]

KING'S CLASSICS (The).

Under the General Editorship of Prof. ISRAEL GOLLANCZ, D.Litt. Post 8vo, quarter-bound antique grey boards or red cloth, 2s. 6d. net; Double Vols., 3s. 6d. net. Quarter vellum, grey cl. sides, 2s. 6d. net; Double Vols., 5s. net. Three-quarter vellum, Oxford side-papers, gilt top, 5s. net; Double Vols., 7s. 6d. net. * signifies Double Volumes. * can be supplied for School use in wrappers at 1s. net each.

1. **The Love of Books: the Philobiblon** of Richard de Bury. Trans. by E. C. THOMAS.
- * 2. **Six Dramas of Calderon.** Trans. by ED. FITZGERALD. Edited by H. OLSNER, M.A.
3. **The Chronicle of Jocelin of Brakelond.** Trans. from the Latin, with Notes, by L. O. JANE, M.A. Introd. by ABBOT GASQUET.
4. **Life of Sir Thomas More.** By WILLIAM ROPER. With Letters to and from his Daughter.
5. **Eikon Basilike.** Ed. by ED. ALMACK, F.S.A.
6. **Kings' Letters. Part I.: From Alfred to the Coming of the Tudors.** Edited by ROBERT STEELE, F.S.A.
7. **Kings' Letters. Part II.: From the Early Tudors; with Letters of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn.**
8. **Chaucer's Knight's Tale.** In modern English by Prof. SKRAT.
- * 9. **Chaucer's Man of Law's Tale, Squire's Tale, and Nun's Priest's Tale.** In modern English by Prof. SKRAT.
10. **Chaucer's Prioress's Tale, Pardoner's Tale, Clerk's Tale, and Canon's Yeoman's Tale.** In modern English by Prof. SKRAT. (See also Nos. 41, 47, 48.)
11. **The Romance of Falk Fitzwarine.** Translated by ALICE KEMP-WELCH; Introduction by Prof. BRANDIN.
12. **The Story of Cupid and Psyche.** From "The Golden Ass," ADDINGTON'S Translation. Edited by W. H. D. ROUSE.
13. **Life of Margaret Godolphin.** By JOHN EVELYN.
14. **Early Lives of Dante.** Translated by Rev. P. H. WICKSTEED.
15. **The Falstaff Letters.** By JAMES WHITE.
16. **Polonius.** By EDWARD FITZGERALD.
17. **Medieval Lore.** From BARTHOLOMÆUS ANGLICUS. Edited by ROBERT STEELE. With Preface by WILLIAM MORRIS.
18. **The Vision of Piers the Plowman.** By WILLIAM LANGLAND. In modern English by Prof. SKRAT.
19. **The Gull's Hornbook.** By THOMAS DEKKER. Edited by R. B. MCKERROW, M.A.
- * 20. **The Nun's Rule, or Ancræn Riwle,** in modern English. Edited by ABBOT GASQUET.
21. **Memoirs of Robert Cary, Earl of Monmouth.** Edited by G. H. POWELL.
22. **Early Lives of Charlemagne.** Translated by A. J. GRANT. (See also No. 45.)
23. **Cicero's "Friendship," "Old Age," and "Scipio's Dream."** Edited by W. H. D. ROUSE, Litt.D.
24. **Wordsworth's Prelude.** With Notes by W. B. WORSFOLD, M.A.

KING'S CLASSICS—continued.

25. **The Defences of Guenivere, and other Poems** by William Morris. With Introduction by ROBERT STEELE.
- 26, 27. **Browning's Men and Women.** Notes by W. B. WORSFOLD, M.A. [In 2 Vols.]
28. **Poe's Poems.** Notes by EDWARD HUTTON.
29. **Shakespeare's Sonnets.** Edited by G. O. STOPES.
30. **George Eliot's Silas Marner.** With Introduction by Dr. R. GARNETT.
31. **Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield.** With Introduction by Dr. R. GARNETT.
32. **Charles Beade's Pag Woffington.** With Introduction by Dr. R. GARNETT.
33. **The Household of Sir Thomas More.** By ANNE MANNING. With Preface by Dr. R. GARNETT. (See also Nos. 4, 40.)
34. **Sappho: One Hundred Lyrics.** By ELISS CARMAN.
35. **Wine, Women, and Song: Medieval Latin Students' Songs.** Translated, with Introd., by J. ADDINGTON SYMONDS.
- 36, 37. **George Pettie's Petite Palace of Pettie His Pleasure.** Edited by Prof. I. GOLLANCZ. [In Two Volumes.]
38. **Walpole's Castle of Otranto.** With Preface by MISS SPURGEON.
39. **The Poets Royal of England and Scotland.** Original Poems by Royal and Noble Persons. Edited by W. BAILLY KEMPLING.
40. **Sir Thomas More's Utopia.** Edited by ROBERT STEELE, F.S.A.
- * 41. **Chaucer's Legend of Good Women.** In modern English by Prof. SKRAT.
42. **Swift's Battle of the Books, &c.** Edited by A. GUTENBERG.
43. **Sir William Temple upon the Gardens of Epicurus, with other XVIIth Century Essays.** Edited by A. FORBES SKEVING, F.S.A.
45. **The Song of Roland.** Translated by Mrs. CROSLAND. With Introduction by Prof. BRANDIN. (See also No. 22.)
46. **Dante's Vita Nuova.** The Italian text, with ROSSETTI'S translation, and Introd. by Dr. H. OLSNER. (See also No. 14.)
47. **Chaucer's Prologue and Minor Poems.** In modern English by Prof. SKRAT.
- * 48. **Chaucer's Parliament of Birds and House of Fame.** In modern English by Prof. SKRAT.
49. **Mrs. Gaskell's Cranford.** With Introduction by R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON.
50. **Pearl.** An English Poem of the Fourteenth Century. Edited, with Modern Rendering, by Prof. I. GOLLANCZ. [Preparing.]
- 51, 52. **Kings' Letters. Parts III. and IV.** Edited by ROBERT STEELE, F.S.A. [In Two Volumes. Preparing.]
53. **The English Correspondence of Saint Boniface.** Trans. by EDWARD KYLLIE, M.A.
58. **The Cavalier to His Lady: XVIIIth Century Love Songs.** Edited by FRANK SIDGWICK.
57. **Asser's Life of King Alfred.** Translated by L. O. JANE, M.A.
59. **Translations from the Icelandic.** Translated by Rev. W. C. GREEN, M.A.
59. **The Rule of St. Benedict.** Translated by ABBOT GASQUET.
60. **Daniel's "Della" and Drayton's "Idea."** Ed. by ASHDELL ESPRIDGE, M.A.
61. **The Book of the Duke of True Lovere.** Translated from CHRISTINE DE PISAN by ALICE KEMP-WELCH.
62. **Of the Tumbler of Our Lady, and other Miracles.** Translated from GAUTHIER DE COINCÉ, &c., by ALICE KEMP-WELCH.
63. **The Chatelaine of Yvergl.** Translated by ALICE KEMP-WELCH. With Introduction by L. BRANDIN, Ph.D.

KRYSHANOVSKAYA, (V. I.) —
The Torch-Bearers of Bohemia.
 Translated from the Russian by J. M.
 SOSKICE. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s. net.

LAMB'S (CHARLES) Collected
Works in Prose and Verse, including
 'Poetry for Children' and 'Prince Dorus'.
 Edited by R. H. SHEPHERD. Crown
 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

The Essays of Elia. (Both Series.)
 FINE PAPER EDITION, pott 8vo, cloth,
 3s. net; leather, gilt top, 4s. 6d. net.

LANE (EDWARD WILLIAM).
The Arabian Nights. Illustrated
 by W. HARVEY. With Preface by
 STANLEY LANE-POOLE. 3 Vols., demy
 8vo, cloth, 5s. net each.

LASAR (CHARLES A.)—**Prac-**
tical Hints for Art Students.
 Illustrated. Post 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

LAURISTOUN (PETER). — **The**
Painted Mountain. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 6s.
 net.

LAWRENCE (D. H.)—**Look !**
We have come Through ! Small
 fcap. 4to, boards, 5s. net.

LEE (VERNON).—**The Ballet of**
the Nations: A Present-day Morality.
 Decorated by MAXWELL ARMFIELD.
 Demy 4to, boards, 3s. 6d. net.

LELAND (C. G.)—**A Manual of**
Mending and Repairing. With Dia-
 grammis. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s. net.

LEPELLETIER (EDMOND). —
Madame Sans-Gêne. Translated by
 JOHN DE VILLIERS. Post 8vo, cloth,
 3s. 6d. net; POPULAR EDITION, medium
 8vo, 9d. net.

LITTLE (MAUDE), Novels by.
 Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. net each.
At the Sign of the Burning Bush.
A Woman on the Threshold.
The Children's Bread.

LLOYD (Theodosia).—**Innocence**
in the Wilderness. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 6s.
 net.

LINTON (E. LYNN), Works by.
 Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net each.
Patricia Kemball.
Ione.
The Atonement of Leam Dundas.
The World Well Lost. 12 Illustrs.

LINTON (E. LYNN)—*continued.*

The One Too Many.
Under which Lord? With 12 Illus.
'My Love.'
Sowing the Wind.
Paston Carew.
Dulcie Everton.
With a Silken Thread.
The Rebel of the Family.
An Octave of Friends.

Patricia Kemball. POPULAR EDI-
 TION, medium 8vo, 9d. net.

LUCAS (E. V.), Books by.
Anne's Terrible Good Nature, and
 other Stories for Children. With 12
 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. net.
A Book of Verses for Children.
 Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s. net.

Three Hundred Games and Pas-
times. By E. V. LUCAS and ELIZABETH
 LUCAS. Pott 4to, cloth, 6s. net.

The Flamp, and other Stories.
 Royal 16mo, cloth, 1s. net.

LYRE D'AMOUR (La).—**An An-**
thology of French Love Poems.
 Selected, with Introduction and Notes,
 by C. B. LEWIS. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 5s. net.

MACNAIR (WILSON). — **Glass**
Houses. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. net.

McCARTHY (JUSTIN), Books by.
A History of the Four Georges
and of William the Fourth.
 Four Vols., demy 8vo, cl., 10s. 6d. net ea.
A History of Our Own Times
 from the Accession of Queen Victoria to
 the General Election of 1880. LIBRARY
 EDITION. Four Vols., demy 8vo, cloth,
 10s. 6d. net each.—Also the POPULAR
 EDITION, in Four Vols., crown 8vo, cloth,
 5s. net each.—And the JUBILEE EDITION,
 with an Appendix of Events to the end
 of 1886, in 2 Vols., large post 8vo, cloth,
 10s. 6d. net.

A History of Our Own Times,
 Vol. V., from 1880 to the Diamond Jubilee.
 Demy 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d. net; crown
 8vo, cloth, 5s. net.

A History of Our Own Times,
 Vols. VI. and VII., from 1897 to Accession
 of Edward VII. 2 Vols., demy 8vo, cloth,
 21s. net; crown 8vo, cloth, 5s. net each.

A Short History of Our Own
Times, from the Accession of Queen
 Victoria to the Accession of King
 Edward VII. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt
 top, 5s. net; also the POPULAR EDITION,
 post 8vo, cl., 3s. 6d. net; and the CHEAP
 EDITION (to the year 1880), med. 8vo, 9d.
 net.

MCCARTHY (JUSTIN).—continued.

Our Book of Memories. Letters from JUSTIN MCCARTHY to Mrs. CAMPBELL PRAED. With Portraits and Views. Demy 8vo, cloth, 12s. 6d. net.

FINE PAPER EDITIONS.

Pott 8vo, cloth, 3s. net per vol.; leather, gilt top, 4s. 6d. net per vol.

The Reign of Queen Anne, in 1 Vol.

A History of the Four Georges and of William IV., in 2 vols.

A History of Our Own Times from Accession of Q. Victoria to 1901, in 4 Vols.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net each.

The Waterdale Neighbours.

My Enemy's Daughter.

A Fair Saxon. | **Linley Rochford.**

Dear Lady Disdain. | **The Dictator.**

Miss Misanthrope. With 12 Illusts.

Donna Quixote. With 12 Illustrations.

The Comet of a Season.

Maid of Athens. With 12 Illustrations.

Camiola.

Red Diamonds. | **The Riddle Ring.**

The Three Disgraces.

Mononia.

Julian Revelstone.

'The Right Honourable.' By JUSTIN MCCARTHY and MRS. CAMPBELL PRAED. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. net.

MacCARTHY (MARY).—A Pier and a Band. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. net.

MCCARTHY (J. H.), Works by.
The French Revolution. (Constituent Assembly, 1789-91.) Four Vols., demy 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d. net each.

An Outline of the History of Ireland. Crown 8vo, 1s. net; cloth, 1s. 6d. net.

Our Sensation Novel. Crown 8vo, 1s. net; cloth, 1s. 6d. net.

Doom: An Atlantic Episode. Cr. 8vo, 1s. net.

Lily Lass. Cr. 8vo, 1s. net; cl., 1s. 6d. net.

A London Legend. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

MACAULAY (LORD).—The History of England. LARGE TYPE. FINE PAPER EDITION, in 5 vols. pott 8vo, cloth, 3s. net per vol.; leather, gilt top, 4s. 6d. net per vol.

MCCURDY (EDWARD).—Essays in Fresco. With 6 Illustrations. Crown 8vo. buckram, 5s. net.

MACDONALD (Dr. GEORGE),

Books by.

Works of Fancy and Imagination

Ten Vols., 16mo, Groller cloth, 2s. 6d. net each. Also in 16mo, cloth, 3s. net per Vol.; leather, gilt top, 4s. 6d. net per Vol.

Vol. I. **WITHIN AND WITHOUT—THE HIDDEN LIFE.**

" II. **THE DISCIPLE—THE GOSPEL WOMEN—BOOK OF SONNETS—ORGAN SONGS.**

" III. **VIOLIN SONGS—SONGS OF THE DAYS AND NIGHTS—A BOOK OF DREAMS—ROADSIDE POEMS—POEMS FOR CHILDREN.**

" IV. **PARABLES—BALLADS—SCOTCH**

" V. & VI. **PHANTASTES. [SONGS.**

" VII. **THE PORTENT.**

" VIII. **THE LIGHT PRINCESS—THE GIANT'S HEART—SHADOWS.**

" IX. **CROSS PURPOSES—GOLDEN KEY CARASOYN—LITTLE DAYLIGHT.**

" X. **THE CRUEL PAINTER—THE WOV O'RIVEN—THE CASTLE—THE BROKEN SWORDS—THE GRAY WOLF—UNCLE CORNELIUS.**

Poetical Works. 2 Vols., cr. 8vo, buckram, 12s. net; pott 8vo, cl., 3s. net per vol.; leather, gilt top, 4s. 6d. net per vol.

Heather and Snow. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

Lilith. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. net.

The Pocket George MacDonald: Passages Chosen by A. H. HYATT. 16mo, cloth, 3s. net; leather, gilt top, 4s. 6d. net.

MACHRAY (ROBERT), Novels by. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net each.

A Blow over the Heart.

The Private Detective.

Sentenced to Death.

The Mystery of Lincoln's Inn.

Her Honour.

The Woman Wins. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 6s. net.

MACKAY (WILLIAM).—A

Mender of Nets. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. net.

MCLEOD (IRENE RUTHERFORD).—Songs to Save a Soul.

Pott 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d. net; parchment gilt, 3s. 6d. net.

Swords for Life. Pott 8vo, cl., 2s. 6d. net.

One Mother (Reprinted from above). Cr. 8vo, paper, with photogravure, 6d. net.

The Darkest Hour. Cr. 8vo, cl., 5s. net.

Graduation. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 6s. net.

MAGNA CHARTA: A Facsimile of Original, in Gold and Colours, 3s. 6d. net.

MALLOCK (W. H.), Works by.

The New Republic. FINE PAPER

EDITION, pott 8vo, cloth, 3s. net; leather, gilt top, 4s. 6d. net.

MALLOCK (W. H.).—continued.
Is Life Worth Living? Cr. 8vo, 5s. net.

MALLORY (Sir THOMAS).—
Mort d'Arthur, Selections from, edited
 by B. M. RANKING. Post 8vo, cl., 2s. net.

MARGUERITE (PAUL and VICTOR), Novels by.

The Disaster. Translated by F. LEES.
 Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net. WAR
 EDITION, cloth, 2s. net.

Vanity. Translated by K. S. WEST. Crown
 8vo, cl., Portrait-Frontispiece, 3s. 6d. net.

MARKINO (Yoshio), Books by.

A Japanese Artist in London. By
 YOSHIO MARKINO. With 8 Illusts. in
 Three Colours and 4 in Monochrome by
 the Author. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 6s. net.

**My Recollections and Reflec-
 tions.** By YOSHIO MARKINO. With
 9 Illusts. in Colour and 6 in Sepia by
 the Author. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. net.

The Charm of London. Passages
 selected by A. H. HYATT. With 12 Illusts.
 in Colour by YOSHIO MARKINO. Cr. 8vo,
 cloth gilt, 5s. net.

Oxford from Within. By HUGH DE
 SELINCOURT. With a Note and 12 Illusts.
 in Three Colours and 8 in Sepia by
 YOSHIO MARKINO. Demy 8vo, cl., 5s. net.

Large fcap. 4to, cloth, 10s. 6d. net.

The Colour of London. By W. J.
 LOFTIE, F.S.A. With Introduction by
 M. H. SPIELMANN, Preface and 48 Illus-
 trations in Colour and 12 in Sepia by
 YOSHIO MARKINO.

The Colour of Paris. By MM. LES
 ACADÉMICIENS GONCOURT. With Intro-
 duction by L. BÉNÉDITE, Preface and 48
 Illustrations in Colour and 12 in Sepia
 by YOSHIO MARKINO.

The Colour of Rome. By OLAVE M.
 POTTER. With Introduction by DOUG-
 LAS SLADEN, Preface and 48 Illus-
 trations in Colour and 12 in Sepia by
 YOSHIO MARKINO.

London: Pictured by YOSHIO MARKINO.
 16 Coloured Plates, with Literary Ex-
 tracts. Large fcap. 4to, boards, 1s. 6d. net.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. net.

The Story of Yone Noguchi. By Him-
 self. With 8 Illusts. by YOSHIO MARKINO.

MARLOWE'S Works, including
 his Translations. Edited with Notes by
 Col. CUNNINGHAM. Cr. 8vo, cl., 3s. 6d. net.

MARSH (RICHARD), Novels by.

A Spoiler of Men. Cr. 8vo, cl., 3s. 6d.
 net; POPULAR EDITION, med. 8vo, 9d. net.

Crown 8vo, cloth.

Justice—Suspended. 3s. 6d. net.

Margot—and her Judges. 6s. net.

His Love or His Life. 6s. net.

**MARSHALL (RACHEL).—A Ride
 on a Rocking Horse.** Illustrated

in Colour by the Author. Fcap. 4to,
 boards, 3s. 6d. net.

MASSINGER'S Plays. From the
 Text of WILLIAM GIFFORD. Edited by
 Col. CUNNINGHAM. Cr. 8vo, cl., 3s. 6d. net.

MASTER OF GAME (THE):

**The Oldest English Book on
 Hunting.** By EDWARD, Second Duke
 of York. Edited by W. A. and F.
 BAILLIE-GROHMAN. With Introduction
 by THEODORE ROOSEVELT. Photogravure
 Frontis. and 23 Illusts. Large cr. 8vo.
 cl., 7s. 6d. net; parchment, 10s. 6d. net.

MAX O'RELL, Books by.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net each.

Her Royal Highness Woman.

Between Ourselves.

Rambles in Womanland.

H.R.H. Woman, POPULAR EDITION,
 medium 8vo, 9d. net.

MAYNE (ETHEL COLBURN).—

Browning's Heroines. With Frontis-
 piece and Title in Colour and other
 Decorations by MAXWELL ARMFIELD.
 Large crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. net.

MEADE (L. T.), Novels by.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net each.

A Soldier of Fortune.

In an Iron Grip.

The Siren.

Dr. Rumsey's Patient.

On the Brink of a Chasm.

The Way of a Woman.

A Son of Ishmael.

An Adventuress.

The Blue Diamond.

A Stumble by the Way.

This Troublesome World.

MEDIEVAL LIBRARY (The

New). Small crown 8vo, pure rag
 paper, boards, 5s. net per vol.; pigskin
 with clasps, 7s. 6d. net per vol.

1. **The Book of the Duke of True**

Lovers. Translated from the Middle
 French of CHRISTINE DE PISAN, with
 Notes by ALICE KEMP-WELCH. Wood-
 cut Title and 6 Photogravures.

2. **Of the Tumbler of our Lady,**

and other Miracles. Translated
 from the Middle French of GAUTIER DE
 COINCÉ, &c., with Notes by ALICE KEMP-
 WELCH. Woodcut and 7 Photogravures.

3. **The Chatelaine of Vergi.** Trans-
 lated from the Middle French by ALICE

KEMP-WELCH, with the original Text,
 and an Introduction by Dr. L. BRANDIN.
 Woodcut Title and 5 Photogravures.

4. **The Babees' Book.** Edited, with

Notes, by EDITH RICKERT. Woodcut
 Title and 6 Photogravures.

5. **The Book of the Divine Con-**

**solation of Saint Angela da
 Foligno.** Translated by MARY G.
 STEEGMANN. Woodcut Title and Illusts.
 Small crown 8vo, pure rag paper, boards,
 5s. net per vol.; pigskin with clasps,
 7s. 6d. net per vol.

MEDIEVAL LIBRARY (The New)—cont.

6. **The Legend of the Holy Fina, Virgin of Santo Geminiano.** Translated by M. MANSFIELD. Woodcut Title and 6 Photogravures.
7. **Early English Romances of Love.** Edited in Modern English by EDITH RICKERT. 5 Photogravures.
8. **Early English Romances of Friendship.** Edited, with Notes, by EDITH RICKERT. 6 Photogravures.
9. **The Cell of Self-Knowledge.** Seven Early Mystical Treatises printed in 1851. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by EDMUND GARDNER, M.A. Collotype Frontispiece in two colours.
10. **Ancient English Christmas Carols, 1400-1700.** Collected and arranged by EDITH RICKERT. With 8 Photogravures. Special price of this volume, boards, 7s. 6d. net; pigskin with clasps, 10s. 6d. net.
11. **Trobador Poets: Selections.** Translated from the Provençal, with Introduction and Notes, by BARBARA SMYTHE. With Coloured Frontispiece and Decorative Initials.
12. **Cligés: A Romance.** Translated with an Introduction by L. J. GARDINER, M.A. Lond., from the Old French of CHRETIEN DE TROYES. With a Frontisp.

MÉRAL (PAUL).—The Book of Recitatives. Translated from the French by LADY ROTHERMERE. 188 copies printed on hand-made paper. Demy 4to, £2 2s. net. Also 12 copies printed on vellum and signed by the Author, £6 6s. net.

MERRICK (LEONARD), by.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net each.
The Man who was Good.
This Stage of Fools.
Cynthia.

METHVEN (PAUL), Novels by.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. net. each.
Influences.
Billy.

MEYNELL (ALICE).—The

Flower of the Mind: a Choice among the Best Poems. In 16mo, cloth, 3s. net; leather, gilt top, 4s. 6d. net.

MITCHELL (EDM.), Novels by.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net each.
The Lone Star Rush. With 8 Illusts.
The Belforts of Culben.
Only a Nigger.

MITFORD (BERTRAM), Novels

by. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net each.
Renshaw Fanning's Quest.
Triumph of Hilary Blachland.
Haviland's Chum.
Harley Greenoak's Charge.
The Gun-Runner.
The Luck of Gerard Ridgeley.
The King's Assegaï. With 6 Illusts.

POPULAR EDITIONS, med. 8vo, 9d. net each.
The Gun-Runner.
The Luck of Gerard Ridgeley.

MOLESWORTH (Mrs.).—

Hathercourt Rectory. Crown 8vo cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

MONCRIEFF (W. D. SCOTT).—

The Abdication: A Drama. With 7 Etchings. Imp. 4to, buckram, 21s. net.

MORROW (W. C.).—Bohemian

Paris of To-Day. With 126 Illusts. by EDOUARD CUCUËL. Small demy 8vo, cloth, 5s. net.

MOZART'S OPERAS: a Critical

Study. By E. J. DENT. Illustrated. Demy 8vo, cloth, 12s. 6d. net.

MUDDOCK (J. E.), Stories by.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net each.
Basile the Jester.
The Golden Idol.

MURRAY (D. CHRISTIE),

Novels by. Crown 8vo, cl., 3s. 6d. net each.

A Life's Atonement.
Joseph's Coat. With 12 Illustrations.
Coals of Fire. With 3 Illustrations.
Val Strange.
A Wasted Crime.
A Capful o' Nails.
Hearts.
The Way of the World.
Mount Despair.
A Model Father.
Old Blazer's Hero.
By the Gate of the Sea.
A Bit of Human Nature.
First Person Singular.
Bob Martin's Little Girl.
Time's Revenges.
Cynic Fortune.
In Direst Peril.
This Little World.
A Race for Millions.
The Church of Humanity.
Tales in Prose and Verse.
Despair's Last Journey.
Y.C.
Verona's Father.
His Own Ghost.

Joseph's Coat. POPULAR EDITION, 9d. net.

MURRAY (D. CHRISTIE) and HENRY HERMAN, Novels by.
Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net each.

One Traveller Returns.
The Bishops' Bible.
Paul Jones's Alias. With Illustrations.

NEVILL (RALPH).

The Man of Pleasure. With 28 Illustrations, Coloured and plain. Demy 8vo, cloth, 12s. 6d. net.

NEWBOLT (HENRY).—Taken from the Enemy. With 8 Coloured Illusts. by GERALD LEAKE. Cr. 8vo, cl., 3s. 6d. net and 2s. net.

NICHOLS (ROBERT).—Ardours and Endurances. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

The Assault, and other War Poems from 'Ardours and Endurances.' Crown 8vo, paper with cover design by C. R. W. NEVINSON. 1s. 3d. net.

NIJINSKY, THE ART OF. By GEOFFREY WHITWORTH. Illustrated in Colour by DOROTHY MULLOCK. Post 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

NISBET (HUME).—'Bail Up!' Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net; medium 8vo, 9d. net.

NOGUCHI (YONE), The Story of. 'Told by Himself. With 8 Illustrations by YOSHIO MAKINO. Cr. 8vo, cl., 6s. net.

NORRIS (W. E.), Novels by. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net each.
Saint Ann's.
Billy Bellow.
Miss Wentworth's Idea.

OHNET (GEORGES), Novels by. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net each.

A Weird Gift.
The Path of Glory.
Love's Depths.
The Money-maker.
The Woman of Mystery.
The Conqueress.

OLIPHANT (Mrs.), Novels by. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

The Primrose Path.
The Greatest Heiress in England
Whiteladies.
The Sorceress.

OLYMPIA: the Latin Text of Boccaccio's Fourteenth Eclogue. with an English rendering and other Supplementary Matter by ISRAEL GOL-LANZ, Litt.D., and Photogravure Frontispiece. Printed in the Florence Press Type upon hand-made paper. Edition limited to 500 copies. Fcap. 4to, boards, 6s. net; vellum, 12s. 6d. net.

OSTROROG (COUNT LÉON).—The Turkish Problem. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. net.

OUIDA, Novels by. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net each.

| | |
|---------------------------------|------------------------|
| Tricotrin. | A Dog of Flanders. |
| Ruffino. | Cecil Castlemaine's |
| Othmar. | Cage. |
| Frescoes. | Princess Napraxine. |
| Wanda. | Held in Bondage. |
| Ariadne. | Under Two Flags. |
| Pascarel. | Folle-Farine. (Shoes.) |
| Chandos. | Two Little Wooden |
| Moths. | A Village Commune. |
| Puck. | In a Winter City. |
| Idalia. | Santa Barbara. |
| Bimbi. | In Maremma. |
| Signa. | Strathmore. |
| Friendship. | Pipistrello. |
| Gulderoy. | Syrin. |
| A Rainy June. The Massarenes. | |
| The Waters of Edera. | |

POPULAR EDITIONS, medium 8vo, 9d. net each.

| | |
|--------------------------|--------------------|
| Under Two Flags. | Moths. |
| Held in Bondage. | Puck. |
| Strathmore. | Tricotrin. |
| The Massarenes. | Chandos. |
| Friendship. | Ariadne. |
| Two Little Wooden Shoes. | |
| Idalia. | Othmar. |
| Folle-Farine. | Pascarel. |
| Wanda. | Princess Napraxine |
| | In Maremma. |

Two Little Wooden Shoes. LARGE TYPE EDITION. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d. net.

Wisdom, Wit, and Pathos, selected from the Works of OUIDA by F. SYDNEY MORRIS. Pott 8vo, cloth, 3s. net; leather, gilt top, 4s. 6d. net.

OXFORD FROM WITHIN. By HUGH DE SÁINCOURT. With a Note and 12 Illustrations in Colour and 8 in Sepia by YOSHIO MAKINO. Demy 8vo, cloth, 3s. net.

PAIN (BARRY).—Eliza's Husband. Fcap. 8vo, 1s. 3d. net; cloth, 1s. 6d. net.

PANDURANG HARI; or, Memoirs of a Hindoo. Post 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

PARIS.—Bohemian Paris of Today. By W. C. MORROW. With 106 Illustrations by E. CUCUEL. Small demy 8vo, cloth, 5s. net.

The Illustrated Catalogue of the Paris Salon. With about 300 illuſts. Published annually to 1914. Demy 8vo, 3s. net.

See also under Markino (Yoshio), p. 19.

PATTERSON (MARJORIE).—The Dust of the Road: A Novel. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. net.

PAYN (JAMES), Novels by.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net each.

Lost Sir Massingberd.

The Clyffards of Clyffe.

A County Family.

Less Black than We're Painted.

By Proxy.

For Cash Only.

High Spirits.

Sunny Stories.

A Confidential Agent.

A Grape from a Thorn. 12 Illuſts.

The Family Scapegrace.

Holiday Tasks.

At Her Mercy.

The Talk of the Town. 12 Illuſts.

The Mystery of Mirbridge.

The Word and the Will.

The Burnt Million.

A Trying Patient.

Gwendoline's Harvest.

A Woman's Vengeance.

The Best of Husbands.

The Foster Brothers.

Found Dead.

Kit: A Memory.

Murphy's Master.

Not Wooed but Won.

Married Beneath Him.

Under One Roof.

A Modern Dick Whittington.

With Portrait of Author.

POPULAR EDITIONS, med. 8vo, 9d. net each.

Lost Sir Massingberd.

Walter's Word.

By Proxy.

PEACE ON EARTH: The Story of the Birth of Christ in the Words of the Gospel. Illuſt. by THOMAS DERRICK. Small 4to, bds., 1s. net.

PENNY (F. E.), Novels by.
Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net each.

The Sanyasi.

Caste and Creed.

Dilys.

The Tea-Planter.

Inevitable Law.

The Rajah.

The Unlucky Mark.

Sacrifice.

Dark Corners.

Love in the Hills.

The Malabar Magician.

The Outcaste.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. net, each.

Love in a Palace.

Love by an Indian River.

Missing!

A Love Tangle.

A Love Offensive.

POPULAR EDITIONS, med. 8vo, 9d. net each.

The Tea-Planter.

Inevitable Law.

Caste and Creed.

The Sanyasi.

PERRIN (ALICE), Novels by.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net each.

A Free Solitude.

East of Suez.

The Waters of Destruction.

Red Records.

The Stronger Claim.

Idolatry.

POPULAR EDITIONS, med. 8vo, 9d. net each.

The Stronger Claim.

The Waters of Destruction.

Idolatry.

A Free Solitude.

PETIT HOMME ROUGE (Le).

See under Vizetelly (E. A.), page 31.

PETRARCH'S SECRET; or,

The Soul's Conflict with Passion.

Three Dialogues. Translated from the

Latin by W. H. DRAPER. With 2 Illuſtrations.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. net.

PHIL MAY'S Sketch-Book: 54

Cartoons. Crown folio, cloth, 2s. 6d. net.

PHIPSON (Dr. T. L.).—Famous

Violinists and Fine Violins. Crown

8vo, cloth, 5s. net.

PICKTHALL (MARMADUKE).—
Larkmeadow. Crown 8vo, cl., 6s. net.

**PLUTARCH'S Lives of Illus-
trious Men.** With Portraits. Two
Vols., 8vo, half-cl., 10s. 6d. net.

**POE'S (EDGAR ALLAN) Choice
Works.** With an Introduction by CHAS.
BAUDELAIRE. Crown 8vo, cl., 3s. 6d. net

**POLLEN (A. H.).—The Navy in
Battle.** Illust. Dy. 8vo, cl., 12s. 6d. net.

**POUGIN (ARTHUR).—A Short
History of Russian Music.** Trans-
lated by LAWRENCE HAWARD. Crown
8vo, cloth, 5s. net.

**PRAED (Mrs. CAMPBELL),
Novels by.** Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
net each.

Outlaw and Lawmaker.

Christina Chard.

Mrs. Tregaskiss. With 8 Illustrations.
Nulma.

Madame Izan.

The Lost Earl of Ellan.

Our Book of Memories. Letters
from JUSTIN MCCARTHY. With Ports.
and Views. Demy 8vo, cl., 12s. 6d. net.
See also under JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

**PRESLAND (JOHN), Dramas
by.** Fcap. 4to, cloth, 5s. net each.

Mary Queen of Scots.

Manin and the Defence of Venice.

Marcus Aurelius.

Belisarius, General of the East.

King Monmouth.

Small crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net each.

The Deluge, and other Poems.

Songs of Changing Skies.

Lynton and Lynmouth. Illustrated
in Colour by F. J. WIDGERY. Demy 8vo,
cloth, 10s. 6d. net.

PROCTOR (RICHARD A.)

Easy Star Lessons. Cr. 8vo, cloth,
3s. 6d. net. With Star Maps.

**PRYCE (RICHARD).—Miss
Maxwell's Affections.** Cr. 8vo, cl.,
3s. 6d. net.

READE'S (CHARLES) Novels.

Collected LIBRARY EDITION, in Seventeen
Volumes, crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net ea.

**Peg Woffington; and Christie
Johnstone.**

Hard Cash.

The Cloister and the Hearth.

With a Preface by Sir WALTER BESANT.

'It is Never Too Late to Mend.'

**The Course of True Love Never
Did Run Smooth; and Single-
heart and Doubleface.**

**The Autobiography of a Thief:
Jack of all Trades; A Hero and
a Martyr; The Wandering Heir.**

Love Me Little, Love Me Long.

The Double Marriage.

Put Yourself in His Place.

A Terrible Temptation.

Griffith Gaunt.

A Woman-Hater.

Foul Play.

A Simpleton.

**The Jilt: and Good Stories of Man
and other Animals.**

A Perilous Secret.

Readiana; and Bible Characters.

LARGE TYPE, FINE PAPER EDITIONS.

Pott 8vo, cloth, 3s. net each; leather, gilt
top, 4s. 6d. net each.

The Cloister and the Hearth. With
32 Illustrations by M. B. HEWERDINE.

'It is Never Too Late to Mend.'

POPULAR EDITIONS, med. 8vo, 9d. net each.

The Cloister and the Hearth.

'It is Never Too Late to Mend.'

Foul Play.

Hard Cash.

**Peg Woffington; and Christie
Johnstone.**

Griffith Gaunt.

Put Yourself in His Place.

A Terrible Temptation.

The Double Marriage.

Love Me Little, Love Me Long.

A Perilous Secret.

A Woman-hater.

The Course of True Love.

READE (CHARLES)—*continued.*

The Wandering Heir. LARGE TYPE EDITION, fcap. 8vo, cloth, 1s. net.

The Cloister and the Hearth. Illustrations by MATT B. HEWERDINE. Small 4to, cloth 6s. net.—Also Illustrated by BYAM SHAW, R.I. Demy 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d. net.

REITLINGER (FRÉDÉRIC).—A Diplomat's Memoir of 1870. Translated by HENRY REITLINGER. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 2s. net.

RICHARDSON (Frank), Novels by.

The Man who Lost his Past. With 50 Illustrations by TOM BROWNE, R.I. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

The Bayswater Miracle. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. net each.

The King's Counsel.
There and Back.

RIDDELL (Mrs.), Novels by.

A Rich Man's Daughter. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

Weird Stories. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

RIVES (AMELIE), Stories by.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net each.

Barbara Dering.

Meriel: A Love Story.

ROBINSON (F. W.), Novels by.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net each.

The Hands of Justice.

The Woman in the Dark.

ROLFE (FR.).—Don Tarquinio.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. net.

ROLL OF BATTLE ABBEY,

THE: List of the Principal Warriors who came from Normandy with William the Conqueror, 1066. In Gold and Colours, 3s. 6d. net.

ROSENGARTEN (A.).—A Hand-

book of Architectural Styles. Translated by W. COLLETT-SANDARS. With 630 Illustrations. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 5s. net.

ROSHER (HAROLD).—In the Royal Naval Air Service. With a Preface by ARNOLD BENNETT. Illust. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net.

ROWLANDS (EFFIE ADELAIDE), Novels by. Cr. 8vo, cloth.

The Price Paid. 3s. 6d. net.

Her Husband. 6s. net.

RUSKIN (JOHN).—The Pocket

Ruskin. 16mo, cloth, 3s. net.; leather, gilt top, 4s. 6d. net.

RUSSELL (W. CLARK), Novels

by. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net each.

Round the Galley-Fire.

In the Middle Watch.

On the Fo'k'sle Head.

A Book for the Hammock:

The Mystery of the 'Ocean Star.'

The Romance of Jenny Harlowe.

The Tale of the Ten.

An Ocean Tragedy.

My Shipmate Louise.

Alone on a Wide Wide Sea.

The Good Ship 'Mohock.'

The Phantom Death.

Is He the Man

The Last Entry.

The Convict Ship.

Heart of Oak.

A Tale of Two Tunnels.

The Death Ship.

Overdue.

Wrong Side Out.

POPULAR EDITIONS, med. 8vo, 9d. net each.

The Convict Ship.

Is He the Man?

My Shipmate Louise.

RUSSELL (DORA), Novels by.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net each.

A Country Sweetheart.

The Drift of Fate.

RUSSIAN BASTILLE, THE

(The Fortress of Schluesselburg). By I. P. YOUNGATSEV. Translated by A. S. RAPPOPORT, M.A. With 16 Plates. Demy 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d. net.

SAINT AUBYN (ALAN), Novels

by. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net each.
A Fellow of Trinity. With a Note
 by OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.
The Junior Dean.
Orchard Damerel.
The Master of St. Benedict's.
In the Face of the World.
To His Own Master.
The Tremlett Diamonds.
The Wooing of May.
Fortune's Gate.
A Tragic Honeymoon.
Gallantry Bower.
A Proctor's Wooing.
Bonnie Maggie Lauder.
Mrs. Dunbar's Secret.
Mary Unwin. With 8 Illustrations.

SANDEMAN (GEORGE).—

Agnes. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. net.

SAROLEA (CHARLES).—German Problems and Personalities.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s. net.

SCOTT (CYRIL).—The Celestial

Aftermath. Pott 4to, cloth, 5s. net.
Also LARGE PAPER EDITION limited to
 50 Signed Copies, parchment, 21s. net.

SÉLINCOURT (HUGH DE),

Books by.

Oxford from Within. With a Note
 and 20 Illustrations in Colour and Mono-
 chrome by YOSHIO MARKINO. Demy 8vo,
 cloth, 5s. net.

A Daughter of the Morning.
 Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. net.

SERGEANT (ADELINE), Novels

by. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net each.
Under False Pretences.
Dr. Endicott's Experiment.
The Missing Elizabeth.

SERMON ON THE MOUNT

(The). Illuminated in Gold and Colours
 by ALBERTO SANGORSKI. Fcap. 4to.
 Jap. vellum, 3s. 6d. net; parchment, full
 gilt, with silk ties, 6s. net.

ST. MARTIN'S LIBRARY (The).

In pocket size, cloth, 3s. net per Vol.;
 leather, gilt top, 4s. 6d. net per Vol.

By WALTER BESANT.

London.

Westminster.

Jerusalem. By BESANT and PALMER.

All Sorts and Conditions of Men.

Sir Richard Whittington.

Gaspard de Coligny.

By GIOVANNI BOCCACCIO.

The Decameron.

By ROBERT BROWNING.

Illustrated in Colours by E. F. BRICKDALE.

Pippa Passes: and Men and Wo-

men.

Dramatis Personæ: and Dra-

matic Romances and Lyrics.

ST. MARTIN'S LIBRARY—continued.

By ROBERT BUCHANAN.

The Shadow of the Sword.

By HALL CAINE.

The Deemster.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

The Woman in White.

By DANIEL DEFOE.

Robinson Crusoe. With 37 Illus-
 trations by G. CRUIKSHANK.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

Speeches. With Portrait

By AUSTIN DOBSON.

Eighteenth Century Vignettes.
 In Three Series, each illustrated.

By W. S. GILBERT.

Original Plays. In Four Series, the
 Fourth Series with a Portrait.

By THOMAS HARDY.

Under the Greenwood Tree.

By BRET HARTE.

Condensed Novels.

Miss, The Luck of Roaring Camp,
 and other Stories. With Portrait.

Poetical Works.

By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

The Autocrat of the Breakfast-
Table. Illustrated by J. G. THOMSON.

Compiled by A. H. HYATT.

The Charm of London: An Anthology.

The Charm of Edinburgh.

The Charm of Venice.

The Charm of Paris.

By RICHARD JEFFERIES.

The Life of the Fields.

The Open Air.

Nature near London.

By CHARLES LAMB.

The Essays of Elia.

By LORD MACAULAY.

History of England, in 5 Volumes.

By JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

The Reign of Queen Anne, in 1 Vol.

A History of the Four Georges
 and of William IV., in 2 Vols.

A History of Our Own Times from
 Accession of Q. Victoria to 1901, in 4 Vols.

By GEORGE MACDONALD.

Poetical Works. In 2 vols.

Works of Fancy and Imagination
 in 10 Vols. 16mo. (For List, see p. 18.)

By W. H. MALLOCK.

The New Republic.

By OUIDA.

Wisdom, Wit, and Pathos.

By CHARLES READE.

The Cloister and the Hearth. With

32 Illustrations by M. B. HEWERDINE.

'It is Never Too Late to Mend.'

By PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

Prose Works. 2 vols., with 2 Ports.

Poetical Works. 2 vols., with 2 Plates.

Selected by FRANK SIDGWICK.

and illustrated in Colours by BYAM SHAW.

Ballads and Lyrics of Love.

Historical and Legendary Ballads.

ST. MARTIN'S LIBRARY—continued.

In pocket size, cloth, 3s. net per Vol.;
leather, gilt top, 4s. 6d. net per Vol.
By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

An Inland Voyage.
Travels with a Donkey.
The Silverado Squatters.
Memories and Portraits.
Virginibus Puerisque.
Men and Books.
New Arabian Nights.
Across the Plains.
The Merry Men.
Prince Otto.
In the South Seas.
Essays of Travel.
Weir of Hermiston.
Tales and Fantasies.
The Art of Writing.
Poems.
Lay Morals, etc.

By H. A. TAINE.
History of English Literature, in
4 Vols. With 32 Portraits.

By TCHEHOV.
Tales. Translated by CONSTANCE GAR-
NETT. Six Vols. Now ready.

By MARK TWAIN.—**Sketches.**
By WALTON and COTTON.

The Complete Angler.
By WALT WHITMAN.

Poems. Selected and Edited by W. M.
ROSSETTI. With Portrait.

SANGORSKI (ALBERTO),
Books Illuminated by. Fcap. 4to.
Jap. vellum, 3s. 6d. net each; parchment
gilt, with silk ties, 6s. net each.
Prayers Written at Vallima by
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.
The Sermon on the Mount.
Morte d'Arthur, by LORD TENNYSON.

SCOTT (CYRIL).—The Celestial
Aftermath. Pott 4to, cloth, 5s. net.
LARGE PAPER EDITION, limited to 50
copies, signed by the Author, 21s. net.

SHADOWLESS MAN (THE):
Peter Schlemihl. By A. VON CHAMISSE.
Illustrated by GORDON BROWNE. Demy
8vo, cloth, 2s. net.

SHAKESPEARE LIBRARY

PART I.

The Old-Spelling SHAKESPEARE.
Edited by F. J. FURNIVALL, M.A., D. Litt.,
and F. W. CLARKE, M.A. Demy 8vo, cl.,
2s. 6d. net each Play. Of some of the
plays a Library Edition may be had
at 5s. net each. A list of volumes
on application.

PART II.

The SHAKESPEARE CLASSICS.
Small crown 8vo, quarter-bound antique
grey boards, 2s. 6d. net per vol.; those
marked † may also be had in velvet
persian at 4s. net; and those marked *
on large paper, half parchment, 5s. net,
per vol. Each volume with Frontispiece.

SHAKESPEARE LIBRARY—cont.

SHAKESPEARE CLASSICS—cont.

Volumes published or in preparation.

- *†1. **Lodge's 'Rosalynde': the original of Shakespeare's 'As You Like It.'** Edited by W. W. GREG, M.A. [Ready.]
- *†2. **Greene's 'Pandosto,' or 'Dorastus and Fawnia': the original of Shakespeare's 'Winter's Tale.'** Ed. by P. G. THOMAS. [Ready.]
- *†3. **Brooke's Poem of 'Romeus and Juliet': the original of Shakespeare's 'Romeo and Juliet.'** Edited by P. A. DANIEL. Modernised and re-edited by J. J. MUNRO. [Ready.]
- 4. **'The Troublesome Reign of King John': the Play rewritten by Shakespeare as 'King John.'** Edited by Dr. F. J. FURNIVALL and JOHN MUNRO, M.A. [Ready.]
- 5, 6. **'The History of Hamlet':** With other Documents illustrative of the sources of Shakspeare's Play, and an Introductory Study of the **LEGEND OF HAMLET** by Prof. I. GOLLANCZ.
- *†7. **'The Play of King Leir and His Three Daughters': the old play on the subject of King Lear.** Edited by SIDNEY LEE, D. Litt. [Ready.]
- *†8. **'The Taming of a Shrew':** Being the old play used by Shakespeare in 'The Taming of the Shrew.' Edited by Professor F. S. BOAS, M.A. [Ready.]
- *†9. **The Sources and Analogues of 'A Midsummer Night's Dream.'** Edited by FRANK SIDGWICK. [Ready.]
- 10. **'The Famous Victories of Henry V.'**
- 11. **'The Menæchmi': the original of Shakespeare's 'Comedy of Errors.'** Latin text, with the Elizabethan Translation. Edited by W. H. D. ROUSE, Litt. D. [Ready.]
- 12. **'Promos and Cassandra': the source of 'Measure for Measure.'**
- 13. **'Apolonius and Silla': the source of 'Twelfth Night.'** Edited by MORTON LUCE. [Ready.]
- 14. **'The First Part of the Contention betwixt the two famous Houses of York and Lancaster,' and 'The True Tragedy of Richard, Duke of York': the originals of the second and third parts of 'King Henry VI.'**
- 15. **The Sources of 'The Tempest.'**
- 16. **The Sources of 'Cymbeline.'**
- 17. **The Sources and Analogues of 'The Merchant of Venice.'** Edited by Professor I. GOLLANCZ.

SHAKESPEARE LIBRARY—cont.

18. **Romantic Tales:** the sources of 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona,' 'Merry Wives,' 'Much Ado about Nothing,' 'All's Well that Ends Well.'
- *19, 20. **Shakespeare's Plutarch:** the sources of 'Julius Caesar,' 'Antony and Cleopatra,' 'Coriolanus,' and 'Timon.' Ed. C. F. TUCKER BROOKE, M.A. [Ready.]

PART III.

THE LAMB SHAKESPEARE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

With Illustrations and Music. Based on MARY AND CHARLES LAMB'S TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE, and edited by Professor I. GOLLANCZ, who has inserted within the prose setting those scenes and passages from the Plays with which the young reader should early become acquainted. The Music arranged by T. MASKELL HARDY. Imperial 16mo, cloth, 1s. 6d. net per vol.; leather, 2s. 6d. net per vol.; School Edit., linen, 1s. net per vol.

- I. The Tempest.
- II. As You Like It.
- III. A Midsummer Night's Dream.
- IV. The Merchant of Venice.
- V. The Winter's Tale.
- VI. Twelfth Night.
- VII. Cymbeline.
- VIII. Romeo and Juliet.
- IX. Macbeth.
- X. Much Ado About Nothing.

- XI. **Life of Shakespeare for the Young.** By Prof. I. GOLLANCZ. [Preparing.]

- XII. **An Evening with Shakespeare:** 10 Dramatic Tableaux for Young People, with Music by T. MASKELL HARDY, and Illustrations. Cloth, 2s. net; leather, 3s. 6d. net; linen, 1s. 6d. net.

PART IV.

SHAKESPEARE'S ENGLAND.

A series of volumes illustrative of the life, thought, and letters of England in the time of Shakespeare.

- Robert Laneham's Letter,** describing part of the Entertainment given to Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth Castle in 1575. With Introduction by Dr. FURNIVALL, and Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth, 5s. net.

- The Rogues and Yagabonds of Shakespeare's Youth:** reprints of Awdley's 'Fraternite of Vacabondes,' Harman's 'Caveat for Common Cursetors,' Parson Haben's or Hyberdynte's 'Sermon in Praise of Thieves and Thievery,' &c. With many woodcuts. Edited, with Introduction, by EDWARD VILES and Dr. FURNIVALL. Demy 8vo, cloth, 5s. net.

SHAKESPEARE LIBRARY—cont.

SHAKESPEARE'S ENGLAND—cont.

Shakespeare's Holinshed: a reprint of all the passages in Holinshed's 'Chronicle' of which use was made in Shakespeare's Historical Plays, with Notes. Edited by W. G. BOSWELL STONE. Royal 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d. net.

The Shakespeare Allusion Book. Reprints of all references to Shakespeare and his Works before the close of the 17th century, collected by Dr. INGLEBY, Miss L. TOULMIN SMITH, Dr. FURNIVALL, and J. J. MUNRO. Two vols., royal 8vo, cloth, 21s. net.

The Book of Elizabethan Verse. Edited with Notes by WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE. With Frontispiece and Vignette. Small crown 8vo cloth, 3s. 6d. net; vellum gilt, 12s. 6d. net.

SHELLEY'S (PERCY BYSSHE)

Complete Works in VERSE (2 Vols.) and PROSE (2 Vols.), each with Frontispiece. Edited by RICHARD HERNE SHEPHERD. ST. MARTIN'S LIBRARY EDITION. Pott 8vo, cloth, 3s. net per vol.; leather gilt, 4s. 6d. net per vol.

*Also an Edition in 5 vols. cr. 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net per vol., in which the POETICAL WORKS form 3 vols. and the PROSE WORKS 2 vols. See also under FLORENCE PRESS BOOKS, page 10.

SHERIDAN'S (RICHARD BRINSLEY) Complete Works

Edited by F. STAINFORTH. With Portrait and Memoir. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

SHIEL (M. P.), Novels by.

The Purple Cloud. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

Unto the Third Generation. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 6s. net.

SIGNBOARDS: The History of, from the Earliest Times; including Famous Taverns and Remarkable Characters. By JACOB LARWOOD and J. C. HOTTEN. With 95 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

SIMS (GEORGE R.), Books by.

Crown 8vo, picture cover, 1s. net each; cloth, 1s. 6d. net each.

The Dagonet Reciter and Reader, Dagonet Ditties. Life We Live. Young Mrs. Caudle. Li Ting of London.

SIMS (GEORGE R.), Books by—cont.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net each.

Mary Jane's Memoirs.
Mary Jane Married.
Rogues and Vagabonds.
Anna of the Underworld.
Joyce Pleasantry. With a Frontispiece by HUGH THOMSON.
For Life—and After.
Once upon a Christmas Time.
 With 8 Illustrations by CHAS. GREEN, R.I.
In London's Heart.
A Blind Marriage.
Without the Limelight.
The Small-part Lady.
Biographe of Babylon.
The Mystery of Mary Anne.
His Wife's Revenge.
Tinkletop's Crime.
Dramas of Life.
Zeph.
Ring o' Bells.
Dagonet Abroad.

POPULAR EDITIONS, med. 8vo, 9d. net each.

Mary Jane's Memoirs.
Mary Jane Married.
Rogues and Vagabonds.

How the Poor Live; and Horrible London. Cr. 8vo, leatherette, 1s. net.
Dagonet Dramas. Crown 8vo, 1s. net.

SLADEN (DOUGLAS).—A Japanese Marriage. Med. 8vo, 9d. net.

SLANG DICTIONARY (The): Historical and Anecdotal. Cr. 8vo, cl., 6s. net.

SMEDLEY (CONSTANCE: Mrs.

Maxwell Armfield), Novels by.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

Service. With Frontispiece.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. net. each.

Mothers and Fathers. Frontispiece.
Commoners' Rights. With 8 Illustrations by MAXWELL ARMFIELD.

Una and the Lions.
 See also **The Flower Book**, p. 10.

SNAITH (J. C.).—The Coming.
 Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. net.

SOMERSET (Lord HENRY).—
Songs of Adieu. 4to, Jap. vell., 5s. net.

SPALDING (Kenneth J.).—A Pilgrim's Way. Fcap. 4to, 3s. 6d. net.

SPANISH ISLAM: A History of the Moslems in Spain. By REINHART DOZY. Translated, with Biographical Introduction and additional Notes, by F. G. STOKES. With Frontispiece and Map. Royal 8vo, buckram, 21s. net.

SPEIGHT (E. E.).—The Galleon of Torbay. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. net.

SPEIGHT (T. W.), Novels by.
 Cr. 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

Her Ladyship.
The Grey Monk.
The Master of Trenance.
The Secret of Wyvern Towers.
Doom of Siva.
As it was Written
The Web of Fate.
Experiences of Mr. Verschoyle.
Stepping Blindfold.

SPIELMANN (MRS. M. H.),
 Books by.

Margery Redford and her Friends.
 With Illustrations by GORDON BROWNE.
 Large crown 8vo, cloth, 5s. net.

The Rainbow Book: Sixteen Tales of Fun and Fancy. With 37 Illustrations by ARTHUR RACKHAM, HUGH THOMSON and other artists. Large crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d. net.

'SPY' (FORTY YEARS OF), by
LESLIE WARD. With over 150 Illustrations after Portraits and Caricatures by the Author. Demy 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d. net.

STATHAM (H. HEATHCOTE).
—What is Music? With Frontispiece.
 Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

STEDMAN (E. C.).—Victorian Poets. Crown 8vo, cloth, 9s. net.

STERNE (LAURENCE).—
A Sentimental Journey. With 89 Illustrations by T. H. ROBINSON, and Portrait. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net; post 8vo, cloth, 3s. net; leather, 4s. 6d. net.

STEVENSON (R. LOUIS),

Works by.

Virginibus Puerisque, and other Papers. FLORENCE PRESS EDITION. With 12 Illustrations in Coloured Collo-type by NORMAN WILKINSON. Cr. 4to. bds., £2 12s. 6d. net; vellum, £3 3s. net.
Stevenson's Poems: Complete Edition. Printed in the Florence Type. Small fcap. 4to, gilt top, 12s. 6d. net.

Crown 8vo, buckram, 6s. net each.
Travels with a Donkey. With a Frontispiece by WALTER CRANE.
An Inland Voyage. With a Frontispiece by WALTER CRANE.
Familiar Studies of Men & Books.
The Silverado Squatters.
New Arabian Nights.
The Merry Men.
Lay Morals, &c.
Underwoods: Poems.
Memories and Portraits.
Virginibus Puerisque.
Ballads.
Songs of Travel.
Prince Otto.
Across the Plains.
Weir of Hermiston.
In the South Seas.
Essays of Travel.
Tales and Fantasies.
Essays in the Art of Writing.
Records of a Family of Engineers.
New Poems and Variant Readings.

The above books are also issued in a FINE PAPER EDITION, pott 8vo, cloth, 3s. net each; leather, 4s. 6d. net, with the exception of 'Underwoods' and 'Ballads,' which are printed in 1 vol. together with 'Songs of Travel,' under the title of 'Poems.' 'Records of a Family of Engineers' is published at 6s. net only.

A Lowden Sabbath Morn. With Coloured Front. and numerous Illus. by A. S. BOYD. Cr. 8vo, buckram, 5s. net.

Large crown 8vo, cloth, 5s. net each; parchment, 7s. 6d. net each; or, LARGE PAPER EDITIONS, vel., 12s. 6d. net each.

An Inland Voyage. Illustrated in Colour by NOEL ROOKE.

Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes Illustrated in Colour by NOEL ROOKE.

A Child's Garden of Verses. Illustrated in Colour by MILLICENT SOWERBY. Large crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. net; LARGE PAPER ED., parchmt., 10s. 6d. net.

Long fcap. 8vo, quarter-cloth, 1s. net each.
Father Damien.
Talk and Talkers.

A Christmas Sermon. Post 8vo, bds., 1s. 6d. net. Also a MINIATURE EDITION in yapp, 2s. net.

STEVENSON (R. L.)—continued.

Prayers Written at Yallima. Post 8vo, bds., 1s. 6d. net; leather, 2s. net. Also a MINIATURE EDITION in yapp, 2s. net.; and the EDITION DE LUXE, Illum. by A. SANGORSKI in gold and colours, fcap. 4to. Jap. vel., gilt top, 3s. 6d. net.; parch, gilt, with ties, 6s. net.

New Arabian Nights. POPULAR EDITION, medium 8vo, 9d. net.

The Suicide Club; and The Rajah's Diamond. (From NEW ARABIAN NIGHTS.) With 8 Illustrations by W. J. HENNESSY. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

16mo, decorated cloth, 1s. net each.
The Sire de Malétroit's Door.
A Lodging for the Night.
The Waif Woman.
On the Choice of a Profession.

The Pavilion on the Links. With Illustrations by GORDON BROWNE, R.I. Demy 8vo, cloth, 2s. net.

The Stevenson Reader. Post 8vo, cl., 2s. 6d. net; buckram, gilt top, 3s. 6d. net; SCHOOL EDITION, cloth, 1s. 6d. net.

The Pocket R.L.S.: Favourite Passages. 16mo, cl., 3s. net; leather, 4s. 6d. net.

Brave Words about Death. Selected from the Writings of Stevenson. Pott 8vo, decorated cover, 1s. net.

R. L. Stevenson: A Study. By H. B. BAILDON. Crown 8vo, buckram, 5s. net.

Recollections of R. L. Stevenson in the Pacific. By ARTHUR JOHNSTONE. Cr. 8vo, buckram, 6s. net.

STOCKTON (FRANK R.).—The

Young Master of Hyson Hall. With 36 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

STOKES (FRANCIS GRIFFIN).

Translated and Edited by :

Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum. The Latin text with English Rendering. Royal 8vo, buckram, 25s. net.

Spanish Islam: a History of the Moslems in Spain. By REINHART DOZY. Royal 8vo, buckram, 21s. net.

STONE (CHRISTOPHER),

Novels by. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 6s. net each.
They also Serve.
The Shoe of a Horse.

The Noise of Life. 3s. 6d. net.

STOTT (BEATRICE).—Christian

Derrick. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. net.

STRACHEY (LYTTON).—Eminent

Victorians. With 6 Portraits. Demy 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d. net.

STRAUS (RALPH), Novels by.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. net each.

The Man Apart.
The Little God's Drum.

STRUTT (JOSEPH).—The Sports and Pastimes of the People of England. With 140 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

STUART (H. LONGAN), Novels by. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. net each.
Weeping Cross.
Fenella.

STUCKENBERG (VIGGO).—By the Wayside. Translated from the Danish and illustrated by Una Hook. Small fcap, 4to, boards, 3s. 6d. net.

SUTRO (ALFRED).—The Foolish Virgins. Fcp. 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d. net.

SWIFT'S (Dean) Choice Works, in Prose and Verse. Cr. 8vo, cl., 3s. 6d. net.
Jonathan Swift: A Study. By J. CHURTON COLLINS. Cr. 8vo, cl., 3s. 6d. net.

SWINNERTON (FRANK), Novels by. 3s. 6d. net ea.
The Young Idea.
The Casement.
The Merry Heart.

SYRETT (NETTA), Novels by. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net each.
Anne Page.
A Castle of Dreams.
Olivia L. Carew.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. net each.
Dreder's Daughter.
The Endless Journey, &c.
Three Women.
Barbara of the Thorn.

Troublers of the Peace. 5s. net.

POPULAR EDITIONS, medium 8vo, 9d. net.
Anne Page.
Olivia L. Carew.
Three Women.

TAINE'S History of English Literature. Trans. by HENRY VAN LAUN. Four Vols., with 32 Portraits, post 8vo, cloth, 3s. net each; leather, gilt top, 4s. 6d. net each.

TCHEHOV (ANTON).—Tales translated from the Russian by Constance Garnett. Six vols. now ready. I. The Darling, etc. II. The Duel, etc. III. The Lady with the Dog, etc. IV. The Party, etc. V. The Wife, etc. VI. The Witch, etc. Post 8vo, cloth, 3s. net; leather, 4s. 6d. net each.

TENNYSON (CHARLES).—Cambridge from Within. Illusts. by HARRY MORLEY. Dy. 8vo, cl., 5s. net.

THACKERAY (W. M.).—The Rose and The Ring. Illusts. by GORDON BROWNE. Demy 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.
The Pocket Thackeray. Arranged by A. H. HYATT. 16mo, cloth, 3s. net; leather, gilt top, 4s. 6d. net.

THOMPSON (FRANCIS). The Hound of Heaven, Ten Drawings Illustrating, by FRIDESWITH HUDDART. Royal 4to, boards, 7s. 6d. net. Also 50 copies on parchment.

THOREAU: His Life and Alms. By H. A. PAGE. Post 8vo, buckram, 3s. 6d.

TIMBS (JOHN), Works by. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net each.
Clubs and Club Life in London. With 41 Illustrations.
English Eccentrics and Eccentricities. With 48 Illustrations.

TROLLOPE (ANTHONY), Novels by. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net each.
The Way We Live Now.
Frau Frohmann.
Marion Fay.
The Land-Leaguers.
Mr. Scarborough's Family.
John Caldigate.

TURKISH PROBLEM, The. Translated from the French by WINFRED STEPHENS. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s. net.

TWAIN'S (MARK) Books. UNIFORM LIBRARY EDITION. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. net each.

Mark Twain's Library of Humour. With 197 Illustrations by E. W. KEMBLE.
Roughing It: and The Innocents at Home. With 200 Illustrations by F. A. FRASER.

The American Claimant. With 81 Illustrations by HAL HURST and others.
Pudd'nhead Wilson. With Portrait and Six Illustrations by LOUIS LOEB.

The Adventures of Tom Sawyer. With 111 Illustrations.

Tom Sawyer Abroad. With 26 Illustrations by DAN BEARD.

Tom Sawyer, Detective. With Portrait.
A Tramp Abroad. With 314 Illusts.

TWAIN (MARK).—continued.

- **The Innocents Abroad; and The New Pilgrim's Progress.** With 234 Illusts. (The 2s. 6d. edition is also known as MARK TWAIN'S PLEASURE TRIP.)
- **The Gilded Age.** By MARK TWAIN and C. D. WARNER. With 212 Illusts. With 190 Illustrations.
- **Life on the Mississippi.** 300 Illusts.
- **The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn.** 174 Illusts. by E. W. KEMBLE.
- **A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur.** 220 Illusts. by DAN BEARD.
- **The Stolen White Elephant.**
- **The £1,000,000 Bank-Note.**
- **A Double-barrelled Detective Story.** With 7 Illustrations.
- **Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc.** With 12 Illusts. by F. V. DU MOND.
- **More Tramps Abroad.**
- **The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg.** With Frontispiece.
- **The Choice Works of Mark Twain.** With Life, Portrait, and Illustrations.
- * The Books marked * may be had in post 8vo, cl., without Illustrations, at 3s. 6d. net each.

POPULAR EDITIONS, medium 8vo, 9d. net each.

Tom Sawyer. | **A Tramp Abroad.**
The Prince and the Pauper.
Huckleberry Finn.

Mark Twain's Sketches. Pott 8vo, cloth, 3s. net; leather, gilt top, 4s. 6d. net; post 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

Mark Twain's Letters. Two vols. Demy 8vo, cloth, 18s. net.

TYTLER (SARAH), Novels by.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net each.

- Buried Diamonds.**
- The Blackhall Ghosts.**
- What She Came Through.**
- The Macdonald Lass.**
- The Witch-Wife.**
- Rachel Langton.**
- Sapphira.**
- Mrs. Carmichael's Goddesses.**
- A Honeymoon's Eclipse.**
- A Young Dragon.**
- Three Men of Mark:**
- In Clarissa's Day.**
- Sir David's Visitors.**
- The Poet and His Guardian Angel.**

UPWARD (ALLEN), Novels by.

The Queen against Owen. Crown 8vo, cl., 3s. 6d. net.

The Phantom Torpedo-Boats. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

VAN VORST (MARIE).—Fairfax
 and his **Pride**, Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. net.

VICENZA (The PAINTERS of).
 By TANCRED BORENIUS. With 15 full-page Plates. Demy 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d. net.

VIOLIN TONE. By HIDALGO MOYA and TOWRY PIPER. Cr. 8vo, cl., 5s. net.

VIZETELLY (ERNEST A.),
 Books by.

A Path of Thorns. Cr. 8vo, cloth 6s. net.

The True Story of Alsace-Lorraine. With Map. Demy 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d. net.

The Court of the Tuilleries, 1852. 1870. Demy 8vo, cloth, 5s. net.

In Seven Lands. Demy 8vo, cloth, 12s. 6d. net.

WALTON and COTTON'S
Complete Angler. Pott 8vo, cloth, 3s. net; leather, gilt top, 4s. 6d. net.

WARDEN (FLORENCE), by.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net each.

- Joan, the Curate.**
- The Heart of a Girl.** With 8 Illusts.
- Tom Dawson.**
- The Youngest Miss Brown.**
- A Fight to a Finish:**
- The Old House at the Corner.**
- Love and Lordship**
- What Ought She to Do?**
- My Lady of Whims.**

Tom Dawson. Medium 8vo, 9d. net.

WARMAN (W. H.).—The Soldier
Colonists. With 2 Chapters by COLLIN BROOKS and an Introduction by the EARL OF SELBORNE, K.G. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

WARRANT to Execute Charles I.
 With the 59 Signatures and Seals, 2s. net.
Warrant to Execute Mary Queen of Scots. 2s. net.

WELLS (H. G.).—In the Fourth
Year. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net

Anticipations of a World Peace.
 Selected and abbreviated from 'In the Fourth Year.' Crown 8vo, paper, 1s. 3d. 4 cl.

WESTALL (WILL.), Novels by.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net each.

Trust-Money.
A Woman Tempted Him.
For Honour and Life.
Her Two Millions.
Two Pinches of Snuff.
With the Red Eagle.
A Red Bridal.
Nigel Portescue.
Ben Clough.
Birch Deno.
Sons of Belial.
Strange Crimes.
Her Ladyship's Secret.
The Phantom City.
Ralph Norbreck's Trust.
A Queer Race.
Red Ryvington.
Roy of Roy's Court.
As Luck would have it.
As a Man Sows.
The Old Bank.
Dr. Wynne's Revenge.
The Sacred Crescents.
A Very Queer Business.

With the Red Eagle. Med. 8vo, 9d. net.

WHISHAW (FRED.), Novels

by. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net each.

A Forbidden Name.
Mazeppa.
Many Ways of Love. With 8 Illusts.
Near the Tsar, near Death.

WHITMAN (WALT), Poems by.

Selected by W. M. ROSSETTI. Post 4to, cloth, 3s. net; leather, 4s. 6d. net.

Drum Taps. Small 4to; decorated cover, 1s. net.

WHITWORTH (GEOFFREY).—

The Art of Nijinsky. Illustrated in Colour by DOROTHY MULLOCK. Post 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

Father Noah: and Other Fancies.
 Post 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d. net.

WILDE (LADY).—The Ancient

Legends, Charms, and Superstitions of Ireland. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

WILLIAMS (W. MATTIEU).—

The Chemistry of Cookery. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s. net.

WILSON (Dr. ANDREW), by.

Leisure-Time Studies. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s. net.

Common Accidents, and how to Treat Them. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 1s. net; paper cover, 6d. net.

WOLSELEY (LADY).—Women

and the Land. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 5s. net.

WRAGGE (CLEMENT L.).—

The Romance of the South Seas. With 84 Illusts. Cr. 8vo, cl., 6s. net.

WRAY (ROGER).—Madcaps and

Madmen. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s. net.

ZIMMERN (ALFRED E.).—Na-

tionalism and Government. Demy 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d. net.

ZOLA (ÉMILE), Novels by.

UNIFORM EDITION. Mostly Translated or Edited, with Introductions, by ERNEST A. VIZETELLY. Cr. 8vo, cl., 3s. 6d. net each.

His Masterpiece.
The Joy of Life.
Germinal.
Thérèse Raquin
The Honour of the Army.
Abbe Mouret's Transgression.
The Fortune of the Rougons.
The Conquest of Plassans.
The Dram-Shop.
The Fat and the Thin.
Money.
His Excellency.
The Dream.
The Downfall.
Doctor Pascal.
Lourdes.
Rome.
Paris.
Fruitfulness.
Work.
Truth.

The Downfall. WAR EDITION. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 2s. net.

POPULAR EDITIONS, medium 8vo, 9d. net each.

Abbé Mouret's Transgression.
The Fortune of the Rougons.
Lourdes.
Rome.
Paris.
The Downfall.
Money.
The Dramshop.
The Joy of Life.
Germinal.
Thérèse Raquin.
Dr. Pascal.

36239

DATE DUE

APR 12 2004

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



A 000 664 492 6

The terms for performing this
play may be obtained from Mr.
James B. Pinker, Talbot House,
9 Arundel Street, Strand, London,
W.C.2

Univer
Sou
Li